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TRUMAN J. SPENCER

MR. E. W. MARLAND, a well-known citizen of Oklahoma, is proposing to erect a monument of heroic size to the Pioneer Woman of America at the cost of \$350,000. His colossal figure is to stand on the famous Cherokee Strip near Panca City, the last land ceded to the homesteaders by the United States Government. Several of the most prominent sculptors in America have been invited to make models in competition for this great statue and twelve of them, all of whom have been paid for their work, have contributed sketches in bronze. These bronzes have been publicly exhibited in a number of our great cities and visitors asked to vote as to which should be chosen. The favorite model, the work of Bryant Baker of New York, appears upon our cover this month.

At a dinner recently given to these sculptors in New York, Mr. Marland said: "Pictures have we plenty of the stern Pilgrim Fathers and the gallant gentlemen of the friendlier Virginia soil, but we are forced to draw on our imagination for pictures of the Mothers. . . . What a sturdy brood they bore, they, their daughters and their daughters' daughters, ever pushing Westward, ever making homes on the land their husbands gained. Loyalty, courage, fidelity, ambition, were in their mothers' veins. Love, home, husband, children, made the wilderness to smile.

The toll of life resulting from these hardships—millions of unmarked graves across the continent, graves of women who died that we might live to love this homeland—unknown soldiers of the great battle for civilization and the home. All creeds, all nationalities gave of their best bravest women."

But it should never for a moment be supposed that the lovely traits and heroic deeds which we celebrate in our grandmothers have no counterpart in modern life. There are still pioneers in the land. With one of these *The Atlantic Monthly* has recently made us acquainted and so exactly does Mr. Bryant's breathing bronze fit Hilda Rose with her dauntless courage, her unquenchable cheerfulness and her noble devotion as revealed in her letters, that it is easy to believe the sculptor has taken her and "Boy" as his models.

The truth is that the heroic qualities evoked by the toils and perils of that rigorous life are always latent in the hearts of good women and never fail promptly to appear wherever life's emergencies call. How often in recent years have they softened the asperity of great calamities from earthquakes, tempest, flood and fire. The World War, in contrast with its hideous cruelties, showed them at their loveliest. But nowhere has the spirit of woman shone more brightly than in missionary service. Think, for instance, of the pioneer teachers under the A. M. A. in the days when that work meant not only poverty, exile and many hardships, but ostracism, contempt and even deadly danger. Think of our splendid hospital nurses in Porto Rico, two of whom have lately lost their lives from tropical diseases, while a third has barely escaped. At how many points of difficulty, peril, privation, the wives and daughters of our home missionaries have toiled with high hearts and unflagging devotion. So it is today and so it always will be. In fine intuitive wisdom, in tender compassion, in patient, skillful ministry to the suffering, the wayward and forlorn, in all Christ-like service to humanity, the "ever womanly leads us on."

The Congregational "We"

A REMARKABLE deed and an interesting book have given recent emphasis to the pronoun "we." Lindbergh took it with him into the air; can we make it live on earth? The word is as short as a word can be, easy to pronounce, but hard to practice. We are especially interested in the word because it can be Christianized. In fact, it is the only one of the personal pronouns that has ever experienced religion. I—you—he—she—and they cannot enter the kingdom of heaven until they are converted and become "we."

But "we," like true disciples, must watch and pray. In some spheres of life it has a hard time of it. In politics "we" has many strange bedfellows and must constantly live with its eyes shut. The coach shouts to the football squad, "Without team play there can be no victory;" but the "we" always remains on its side of the fifty-yard line. Society says "we," but it means the four hundred. The family has been regarded as the place where the word could have free course and be glorified. But even there it too often stops with "me and my wife, my son John and his wife." And if this happens among those of the same blood, how can "we" live in that atmosphere where custom, language, birth and training present their varied and often vicious contradictions!

These foregoing observations have been made with the thought of their relation to the "we" that faces us as Congregationalists. During this month and in the next, many in our membership will be called on to decide what part they will take for 1928 in the Christianizing of America as well as other parts of the world. No decision will be just or adequate that does not look upon the work in full sympathy with that little word "we." The fundamentally serious perils in our land are moral perils. We all recognize it. We know also that the only sure and ultimate remedy is in education and evangelization. Why is it, then, that our churches do not furnish an adequate amount of money by which we can evangelize and educate? It is simply because so many of us do not feel how important we are to the success of the enterprise. We do not glory in our co-partnership.

On the thirty-first of last March, in order to balance the books of the Home Missionary Society, we were obliged to draw \$60,000 out of painfully gathered emergency funds. And we were told that if the rest of the year showed a deficit comparable to that of the earlier months, the field work of the Society must be absolutely decreased

for 1928. That dreadful misfortune is looming more and more formidably as each report comes in the treasurer's office. What can be done about it? Nothing unless the hearts of thousands of giving men can be made to thrill under the cry, "We can do it, we will." Like a football player, whether making the "tackle," receiving the "forward pass," "holding the line," everyone of us must be eager to do his part. This game must be won. Yes; but it is not a game, it is the carrying forward of the most splendid enterprise ever undertaken. It is to confer untold blessings upon millions of souls through Christianized American citizenship.

An old Negro mammy down in Mississippi, pushing out through the crowd that had flocked in from all over the country to see Lindbergh, said to him, "Bo, how much you-all charge foah to take me up to heaben and leave me dah?" Congregationalists must not ask for any such transportation. On the other hand they are using their brains and their money to make this world more heavenly. Under thoughtfully planned and guarded methods they are engaged in a task upon which angels would gladly enter. The thoughts of many are alive to it. I am sure none of us fail to catch the vision.

Fourteen hundred missionaries, some of them covering whole counties in the heat of summer and in dreary winter, are speaking by the wayside, in the village store and in the little church the word that Christ told his disciples to tell to men. By patience and long-suffering and Christ-like bearing these men and their wives and families are illustrating the gospel which they preach. Should we like to see their number made less? In logging camps on the mountainside, in the far-stretched-out harvest fields, in the simple miner's hut and in the crowd that comes out from the humming factories we see their kind faces and we hear their voices speaking the word of counsel in over twenty different tongues. Their hands grasp the hand of the immigrant whether he lands at Ellis Island, breaks through the Mexican border or sails in through the Golden Gate. Are we not honored if, by our money, we can stand beside such men and women and say to them, "Work on and we will work with you."

The dauntless flyer linking land to land treats his lifeless machine as a personality. What more can we do through these men and women who seek for souls and who love and plan and pray? The consistent use of our pronoun in the first person plural can bring even heaven near.—W. W. L.

We Need New Religion

A SUBURBAN pastor, out upon emergency duty on a stormy day, met four of his women struggling through the drifts.

"Whither away, in such furious weather?" he asked.

"Oh," they panted, "just going to Mrs. Briggs' bridge."

"They are all excellent women," said he afterwards to a friend, "but I know perfectly well that the blizzard had come on Sunday not one of them would have been at church."

Doubtless, there were never more devoted followers of Christ than can be found today. We have churches of unsurpassed vigor and fruitfulness; yet there is no denying that the religion of Jesus as it is at present practiced by American Protestants leaves much to be desired. We make it the loftiest claims—say that our gospel is nothing less than the very truth of God and that behind it lies almighty power; but we fail to substantiate those claims. In the ears of many our message is neither imperative nor convincing, but seems so unimportant as to be negligible. They regard our preaching as sentimental, lukewarm, antiquated and remote from life. Our churches wield little power. We do not command the attention of the community, we cannot make religion of first importance in the life of the modern man; an increasing proportion of our neighbors, only respectable folks, rarely enter the house of God. Not even among her own members does the church secure whole-hearted devotion; many are on the roll, but few in the pews.

While we are writing, comes in a letter from which we quote: "Last Sunday," says our correspondent, "was a fine day. The pastor gave us a good, worthy discourse. The church registers some four hundred and sixty members. I am sure that one hundred of them were present."

What evidence of weakness could be clearer than the commonest of the explanations offered for non-attendance. The automobile, they say, has robbed the church of its audiences. So much the worse, then, for the church! Do the balloon tires keep the people away from anything they really care about—from business, from ball games, from amusements, from Mrs. Briggs' bridges? Who has not looked with admiration upon the success of our Roman Catholic neighbors: the long line of cars at fringe adjacent streets and the full flood of humanity that pours in and out of church—not a few, but several times each Sunday. Contrast

with this the thin stream that trickles from our own doors when the service is over.

The reason for the limited influence and the retarded progress of the Protestant churches in America cannot lie outside of themselves. It is not to be explained by the fact that the world is worldly or that sinners are sinful. One thing only can account for it, namely, that we, the ministers, and we, the members, are deficient in the quality "that overcometh the world." Deep down within us, where victorious faith ought to dwell, lurks the shadow of a great doubt—a certain paralyzing suspicion of God. We are not quite perfectly sure that God is really God. Has not, perhaps, the science of these latter days spread before us a universe too vast for his almightiness, too old for his eternity? Is it not too much to believe that the Creator of those inconceivable immensities can take such an interest as Christ's gospel affirms in this tiny speck of a world and in the sayings and doings of its infinitesimal inhabitants? The creeds declare our belief in the life everlasting—yet beyond the obvious fact that each generation continues to live in its successor, can one be perfectly sure of human immortality?

The modern equivalent of the old-time conviction of sin is, we gather, that bitter sense of life's futility, which leads men drearily to ask, "What's the use?" "What's it all about?" "Is life worth living?" Many Christians seem to be affected by this prevalent spiritual influenza. What wonder that from minds thus "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," no splendid visions of the truth are rising and no triumphant call of faith goes forth. All this is only a modern shape assumed by an ancient foe—unbelief: the selfsame thing that our Master found in his disciples and because of which they could not cast the demon out.

What, then, must be the remedy for a disorder so grave and devastating? Better preaching? Finer music? Nobler liturgies? Restatements of old creeds to fit the modern mind? Reorganized and improved methods of doing our work? More punctilious observance of religious duties? Such things, no doubt, are needful but in themselves they are utterly insufficient. The single adequate relief for our desperate necessity is nothing less than a visit from God himself—a new, fresh, personal experience of God and of his Christ throughout the church. This sovereign remedy is not within the reach of human power. It can be supplied only by the Divine Spirit. We need to have the same thing done for

us that was once done for one hundred and twenty Christians in an upper chamber.

Throughout the Christian centuries it has been God's way whenever his people have fallen upon evil days to come to their relief with gifts of special grace and power. We speak of these visitations as "reformations," "great awakenings," "times of refreshing," "revivals of religion." No two have been quite alike, but they have had certain common features. There is always the human leadership. Some single mighty man of God, or a group of gifted men has been raised up to lead the people onward. The movement has always been

a forward march, not a mere return to the experiences and methods of former generations. New and unparalleled gifts of truth, grace and power have been poured forth upon the church, and at the very center of it has always stood one essential thing—a fresh experience, a new sense of the Divine presence.

Let no one, then, lose heart because the times are out of joint, as though the Almighty were at the end of his resources; but let every believing man faithfully play his part, rejoicing that, however dark the days, he has something precious to pray for, something wonderful to expect.—S. L.

This Month of November

FROM the standpoint of finance in the local church and in the cooperative work of all the churches, this month of November is of exceeding importance.

What Can Be Done for 1927

November is the month when, at the latest, the threads should be gathered up for the year that will soon close. Such questions as these will naturally be asked and answered:

Five-sixths of the year having gone, has five-sixths of the year's church expense budget been paid?

Five-sixths of the year having gone, has five-sixths of the budget for missions been paid?

Two months only of the current year remain—what arrangements need be made for closing the year with all church expenses met and with the budget of missions fully sent in by January 10?

For example: 1. How shall the congregation be informed of the situation: by a chart or graph, a letter, a frank statement on Sunday morning? 2. How shall unpaid subscriptions be secured? 3. How shall members of the church and congregation who subscribed nothing at the beginning of the year be approached? 4. What else must be done at once to insure a financial victory for the year of 1927?

What Can Be Done for 1928

November is also the month when resolute decision and action should be taken about the budgets for next year. So far as the receipts of our missionary societies for 1928 are concerned, a tremendous deal depends upon what this decision and this action are. We urge that provision be made for carrying on the work of the individual church strongly and vitally. Let there be only a for-

ward step here. But equally we urge a *substantial* increase in the amount allotted to missions. How large this increase will be—ten, twenty-five, fifty, one hundred per cent—each church will answer for itself. But in making the answer we hope that church officers and the church members will be in mind three major motives for an increase.

First, a command to the national and state missionary societies not to contract their work at home or abroad. Nobody wants deficits. They can not be prevented only by a contraction of the work and an increase in the contributions.

Second, a command to the missionary societies not to turn their backs entirely on open doors and enlarged opportunity and need. It is not mainly a question of more work but of better work. Shall we as a denomination be satisfied with present maintenance?

Third, a declaration that, at a time when the need of our state, our nation and our world is in extreme need of the religion of Jesus, your church proposes to have a larger share in meeting this need, as it must in part be met by the cooperative enterprises of your denomination. A church's contribution to missions is one vital expression of how much it cares for religion.

We are speaking to all our readers, not merely to pastors and church officers. If Congregational democracy means anything, it means that every member and constituent shall have a hand in deciding such important matters as here engage us. For we are not dealing with an individual's duty but with the aims and ideals of a whole church for an entire year. Will you who are reading this magazine lay THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY aside without determining to influence your church to register worth-while decisions for 1927 and for 1928 during the month of November.

Out Where the Tall Corn Grows

A Plea for the Open Country Church and Minister

By REV. WALTER SPOONER

ALLOW your churches of the open country to languish and die, and you invite the decadence of American civilization; you dry up the life stream which has supplied many of your leaders in all the professions; and, in no small measure, you invite economic, mental and moral chaos.

When ministers entertain the delusion that even the most meager and restricted city field, hidden away as securely as the proverbial needle in the haystack, is to be referred to the shop of a great rural parson; and when our city man, with a touch of perhaps unconscious irony, sneers slightly at a brother minister because his parish is rural, it is time to pray that the eyes of the city man may be opened or his warped vision corrected.

This article is to be an earnest appeal that the rural church and pastor be given their rightful places in our thinking. Though our appeal is based largely upon the story of a single open country church, this wonderful, spiritual experience, cited as a concrete example, will aid us in our purpose to base our findings not upon fables, but upon facts; not upon theories, but upon demonstrated and illustrated truths.

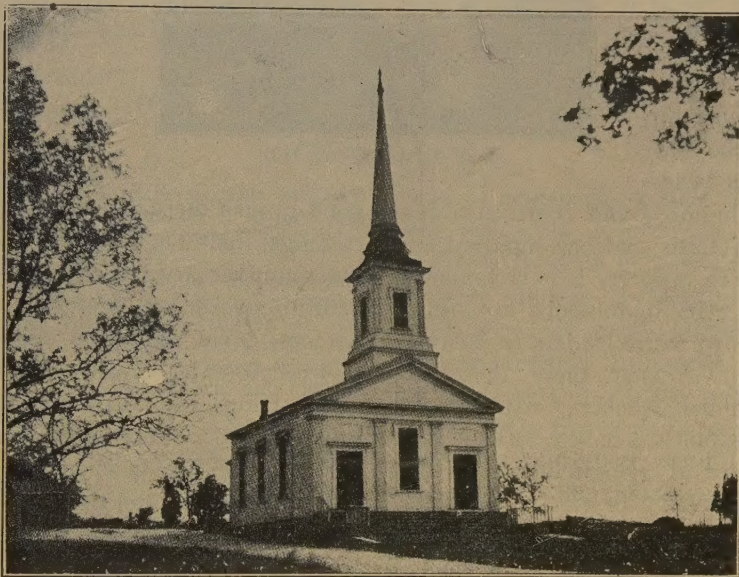
About nine decades ago, when Chicago was a trading-post and farmers were coming into the conquered prairies of Illinois in their schooners, the wife of a godly farmer from New York State faced a perplexing problem. There was no public building in which religious services could be held, nor was there among these pioneer settlers any opportunity to do anything more than cultivate their newly broken acres and place roofs over their own heads and those of their children. This

woman's children were out hunting the cows on Sunday morning. She said to her husband, "We must have church services or our children will neglect the Sabbath."

The eighteen-foot-square log house which sheltered this and another family, was the most commodious building available for religious services. That home, therefore, became the first meeting-house. Occasionally circuit riders of blessed memory came into this little settlement; but when no

preacher was present, the women sang, and one of their number would read a sermon. Thus public worship began at Flag Creek, which is the name of a small struggling stream running through beds of reeds and rushes near the Cook and Du Page County line.

Conflicting forces were waging a battle for the mastery in



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, LYONSVILLE, ILLINOIS

those early days. The open, licensed saloon of accursed memory was busy developing its finished products. Therefore this little church placed a prohibition clause in its by-laws at a time when such action was unpopular and was deemed fanatical.

Deacon Brown kept a station on the "Underground Railway," speeding escaped slaves to Canada and to freedom. By the time the church had reached its twentieth birthday, a large number of choice young men, one hundred and forty-four in all, volunteered and served in the Union army. There are twenty-two graves in the adjoining cemetery of members of the Hiram McClintock Post. The body of McClintock himself lies in the National Cemetery at Vicksburg, Mississippi, with those of thirteen thousand others who fell in the siege which wrested the city from Confederate

control, a decisive victory for the Northern forces.

The mother whose concern for her children caused the forming of the Flag Creek Sunday School was Mrs. Joseph Vial. The story of this God-fearing family is a fascinating one. Each new generation has carried forward the high traditions of its predecessors. There are now three generations actively serving the Lyonsville Church, which sprung from that Sunday School, while others of the family are among the leaders in the great near-by churches, which honor the Lyonsville church as their "little mother."

The Lyonsville membership has seldom exceeded one hundred. In eighty-seven years, it has received three hundred and fourteen accessions on confession of faith, and one hundred and six by letter. Its church property is now valued at \$15,000; its recorded gifts to missions are nearly \$17,000. It has provided many leaders in business and professional life. Among these, there are forty-seven public school teachers, fifteen ministers, and three representatives on the foreign field. Its farmer-members are of a high moral and intellectual type. The present pastor is the Rev. William Ishmael Jones who, among other duties, has the privilege of ministering to the wives of golfers on the near-by links.

Among the most honored ministers who have served it is the Rev. J. C. Armstrong, D.D., now superintendent emeritus of the Chicago Congregational Missionary and Extension Society, who, at the ripe age of eighty-seven years, can still be found at his desk in the city office. For thirty-three years this beloved statesman of the church gave of his active, eager strength to the direction of the Chicago Society; but his first love—his rural parish—is ever on his heart, and it is he who has painstakingly collected many of the statistics and much of the history found in this article.

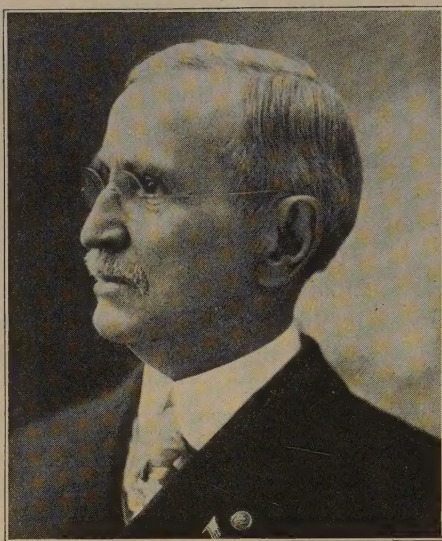
There is in the suburbs of Chicago a great church with a present membership of over seven-hundred which is the mother of six other churches of our fellowship whom with her great wealth and prestige, she has continued to aid as they have needed her.

But this rural church, though weak numerically,

has mothered at least as many children as her great Chicago sister, some of whom have become many times greater than their parent. Only three of

these need mention: Hinsdale, La Grange and Western Springs, whose combined current membership is 2,460. Their three properties are valued at \$312,750. Together they gave for benevolence in 1926, \$51,647; and one of them, La Grange, has given in the last decade, \$224,000 spending for home expenses during this period, \$196,000 or \$28,000 less than she has given for others.

There are many other churches of the same type scattered over our prairie whose spiritual romances cannot here be recorded. It



J. C. ARMSTRONG, D.D.

good to visit these households of faith at their homcomings, their Thanksgiving community dinners, and their anniversary gatherings; and to see among the returning sons and daughters, eminent surgeons and doctors, great educators, financial wizards, social and religious leaders, who still feel the tug at the heart-strings of "the little white church with the green blinds." There character reserves were woven into their very souls when they were boys or girls on the home farms, and there they made contacts with modern Enochs who "walked with God," with modern Dorcas "full of good works and alms which they did," and with others who fought the good fight and laid hold on eternal life.

There are still open country churches in which the babies occasionally get the best of the ministers in vocal duels, and June-bugs attack the most strung, emotional woman in the choir, with disastrous results. You can find occasionally wheezing organ and choirs that flat, and local prim donnas that sharp. There are one-room meeting houses where the religious educational program and equipment are woefully inadequate; there are lonely ministers and heroic little ministers' wives out in these open places; but among these country churches are some that have faced and met the modern challenge as remarkably as any church anywhere. There are pastors out there whose vision is not dimmed and who can see that "earth is cramm'd with Heaven, and every common bush afire with God." I was recently riding with one such man in his Ford runabout. We were on t

to one of his three churches. We had been lled in the rich mud more than once in the last o miles, but he stopped his car, got out on the e of the road, and picked some beautiful mar-erites which had escaped the eye of his city-bred npanion. These he took to the "Mistress of the anse."

There is a little church on the Four Corners ere I watched "Mac," with as mystic a soul as at of any Scot who lived in Ian MacLaren's umtochty, who sobbed a hard, dry sob of "joy speakable" as his nephew responded to the ap-al of the evangel. "Mac" has gone over long o, but the nephew is one of the most honored mbers of that little church during the fourteen ars which have followed that evening.

Another open country field decided that they nted to make the field so attractive that they

would get the best rural minister available. So they built a thoroughly modern, brick bungalow, with no aid from any of our societies. Then they called an outstanding leader in the realm of religious education and young people's work to be their pastor. Together, they made over their house of worship. They have competed successfully with the greatest Church Schools in the state, showing that efficiency and progress which won for them the Marion Lawrence cup. This church and its pastor, with their program, have been both the despair and encouragement of many of their companions—despair as they have contrasted their own with it, but encouragement as they have set out to reach toward similar goals.

The church of the open country is worthy of the best young manhood in our homes and seminaries. Their finished product is of the noblest type.

"Giants in the Earth"

By GEO. L. CADY

BRIGHT, clear sky over a plain so wide that the rim of the heavens cut down on it around the entire horizon. Bright, clear sky, today, tomorrow, and for all time to come.

And sun! And still more sun! It set the heavens re every morning; it grew with the day to quivering den light—then softened into all the shades of red l purple as evening fell. Pure color everywhere. A it of wind, sweeping across the plain, threw into life ves of yellow and blue and green. Now and then a d black wave would race over the scene, a cloud's ling shadow, now and then.

It was late afternoon. A small caravan was pushing way through the tall grass. The track that it left ind was like the wake of a boat—except that instead widening out astern it closed in again.

"Tish-ah!" said the grass. "Tish-ah, tish-ah!" Never d it said anything else—never would it say anything e. It bent resiliently under the trampling feet; it did break, but it complained aloud every time—for noth- like this had ever happened to it before. "Tish-ah, -ah!" it cried, and rose up in surprise to look at this gh, hard thing that had crushed it to the ground so ely, and then moved on."

With such a picture we are introduced to one the most remarkable pieces of literature which s been produced in many a day.* It is the story the great Nordic invasion of South Dakota in 70's. It is written by Professor Rölvaag of St. af's College in Northfield, Minnesota, and I sume that most Congregationalists never knew t such a college existed. Carleton? Yes, but St. af's?—what's that? This novel was first written l printed in Norwegian in Norway. After a at success there Professor Rölvaag was induced ranslate it into English for American readers. e quotation above is but a sample of a vivid, ccato style—tense, fiery, flinging of words in-

stead of sentences—a style with which Carl Sand-berg makes so unforgettable his marvelous story of the early years of Lincoln.

Every student of literature should read it for its style, which wastes no words but goes on leap- ing from thought to thought, too full for utterance, too eager to pause while words are tumbling over each other in the reader's mind to catch up. Every student of psychology should read it to understand the effect on the human mind, both strong and weak, of the great open spaces, the vast silences of nature, the unending horizons and the unclouded heavens. Every student of America should read it to understand what America has cost—what does the modern dilettante know about it? Let him read. Every student of the church should read it to know what it meant to this isolated folk to have the pastor come.

Much has been said about the Pioneer—but he has always worn trousers and coat and vest. What about the Pioneer over whose shadowed face the sunbonnet cast a deeper shadow? I do not know when I have been so stirred as when I visited the exhibit of the artists who placed in one room their models competing for a statue to be reared in Oklahoma to the Pioneer Woman. She has been too little remembered. There she stood with her inevitable sunbonnet, hiding her face and her fears; with calloused hands; with coarse dress and coarser shoes treading the dirt floor of a sod house or log cabin; and nothing to do with—no running water but in the passing brook; no electric light but sput-

*GIANTS IN THE EARTH. *A Saga of the Prairie.* By O. E. Röl-
vaag. Harper Brothers. pp. 465. \$2.50.

tering candles; no cooking range but a smoking fireplace; no electric washing machine but a wash tub and Mother's arms; no telephone or automobile and scarcely a newspaper. In "The Rise of American Civilization" the Beards pay real honor to the kind of woman sent out from the old country to the new and recognize that it was her courage, her enterprise and her inexhaustible initiative and hope that cemented the rugged pioneer life into a permanent whole. Among the sculptors' models were two outstanding ones. The one that received the largest popular vote was by Bryant Baker: a young woman with courage written on her face and in every muscle of her form, leading a young boy who, with parted lips of expectancy and clenched hands, looked forward with the indomitable courage of youth. But some way the model by Jo Davidson struck me as the truest to life—an older woman with a far-reaching sunbonnet, with squinting eyes, looking out, holding up in one hand the inevitable apron, as though gazing out into the fields where the men were wresting the lands from immemorial deserts, or just about to open her lips and "Ya-hoo" for dinner. For it was a hard—not an easy life—and too many were swept from their mental moorings.

"Beret could not go to sleep that night. At last she grew angry with herself; her nerves were taut as bow-strings; her head kept rising up from the pillow to listen—but there was nothing to hear; nothing but the night wind which now had begun to stir. It stirred with so many unknown things. "O, Per, it's only this, I'm so afraid out here." She snuggled up against him as if trying to hide herself. "It's all so big and open, so empty. O Per, not another human being from here to the end of the world."

We Twentieth Century dilettantes snuggle down in our easy-chairs under our electric reading lamps and there peruse the story of the Pioneer or sit in our opera chairs looking at "The Covered Wagon," and gaze complacently at Lois Wilson sitting there in her immaculate dress while with manicured fingers she powders her nose. It is so delightful being *Pioneers by Proxy*. But in actual fact there was no romance about it—it was a world of fears they lived in, especially the women. There was the fear of the Indian who came burning and mur-

dering, driven to frenzy by his sense of injustice.

"But more to be dreaded than this tribulation was the strange spell of sadness which the unbroken solitude cast upon the minds of some. Many took their own lives. Asylum after asylum was filled with disordered beings who had once been human. It is hard for the eye to wander from skyline to skyline, year in and year out without finding a resting-place."

And there was the fear of the plagues. What a vivid picture our author paints as he tells of

coming of the locusts when

"from out the heavens there gushed down with cruel force a living, pulsating stream—it flared and fluttered around them like light gone mad; chirped and buzzed through the air; it snapped and hopped along the ground; the whole place was a weltering turmoil of raging little demons."

They passed and behind them left not a shred of green. They lit on a fork handle and left it slivered. They lit on a garment on the ground and when they had passed it lay in shreds. For five summers this horde that actually blotted out the sun came and ate and went their way and then disappeared suddenly as they came.

There was the fear of the winter. Read that chapter on the blizzard of '81, when men were lost going from the house to the barn and when nothing but the chimney stuck out above the snow. Mother was caught in that blizzard. She went into South Dakota to care for a sick son. She went on the last train the twentieth of January and came out on the first train about the fifth day of May.

Into this world of fear came one day the pastor. Perhaps no more realistic story of the power of the

church and the immeasurable blessedness of home missions has even been written. What a character when this *Norski* man of God came and gathered the people in that sod house, spread before them the Holy Communion, married those who had never to be joined and laid his hands on the heads of little children long disassociated from the office of the church. For the first time the fuddled brains of poor Beret began to clear and the whole community looked up in hope. As one reads the story of the prairies as told by Sandberg and now by Rölvaag, one wonders why they stayed and why they "dug in"; and too often the solace and comfort



THE PIONEER WOMAN

By Jo Davidson

Courtesy Reinhardt Galleries

the little home missionary church or the faith-circuit rider has been overlooked. If the Pioneer of the Spirit had failed to come and bring strength to the Pioneer of the Plow, one wonders what West could have been conquered and America what it is.

is a sad but significant picture with which the or closes his book. Per Hansa goes out into storm, to get the doctor for a sick friend, fac-

ing a Dakota blizzard. He disappears in the storm. The next spring after the snows have melted some boys discover a man sitting with his back against a mouldering haystack.

"The man had two pairs of skis along with him, one pair lay beside him on the ground, the other was tied to his back. He had a heavy stocking cap pulled well down over his forehead, and large mittens on his hands. Each hand clutched a staff. To the boys, it looked as though the man were sitting there waiting for better skiing. His face was ashen and drawn. *His eyes were set toward the west.*"

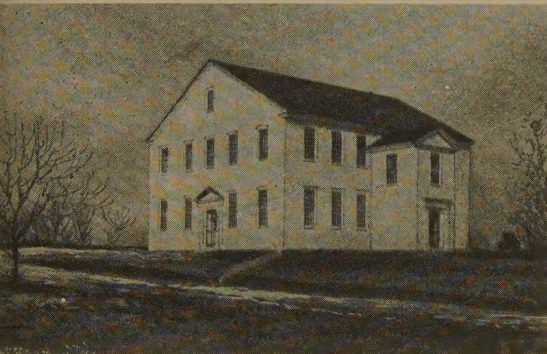
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Art in the House of Worship

Part I. What the Early New England Churches Thought of Art

By WILLIAM W. LEETE, D.D.

N eminent artist, opening an exhibition in Liverpool this summer, named in the following order the most beautiful objects in creation: a beautiful woman; a beautiful child; a beautiful flower, a beautiful sunset; and a beautiful building. It is for only the last that man is held

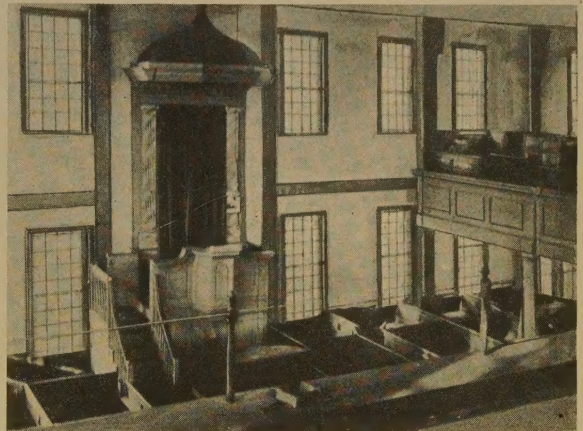


ROCKY HILL MEETING-HOUSE

possible, and he has always felt that an edifice representing religion should be fashioned with special care. The pagan lavished art upon his temples long before Christ was born. Athens spent much on her Acropolis, in honor of Minerva, she did to equip her armies to defend the state. The temples at Thebes rivaled that which later stood on Mt. Moriah.

Christianity has taken a special pride in what artists have done. Her cathedrals rise up among the world's wonders. Giotto, Da Vinci, Michelangelo and Bramante are household words. Yet strange to say there have always been those who have questioned the worth of art as an attendant exponent of true religion. In that number has always been included our religious forbears; and yet they thought as they did is not difficult to understand. If our fathers neglected or condemned art, it was not because they had not seen good art. Their early homes were in East Anglia.

The region included seven shires—Lincoln, Huntingdon, Cambridge and Northampton; and there stood Ely and Peterborough which, with the exception of Durham, are the purest examples of Norman art that England has produced. Lincoln, perhaps the finest ecclesiastical structure in Great Britain, is four hundred and eighty feet long and its central tower two hundred and sixty-two feet high. Under its shadow grew up William Bradford and Brewster. Could they ever forget it in



INTERIOR, ROCKY HILL MEETING-HOUSE

the land of their pilgrimage this side of the sea? Wordsworth sings of it:

"Open your gates, ye everlasting piles
Types of the spiritual church which God hath reared;
Not loath we quit the hallowed sward
And humble altar, mid your sumptuous aisles
To kneel or tread your intricate defiles,
Or down the nave to pass in motion slow
Watching with upward eye, the tall tower grow
And mount at every step, with living wiles
Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will
By a bright ladder to the world above.
Open your gates, ye monuments of love
Divine! Thou Lincoln on thy sovereign hill!"

Such were the places in which our ancestors first heard the voice of prayer and song. But what Wordsworth saw in his poem on cathedrals, the

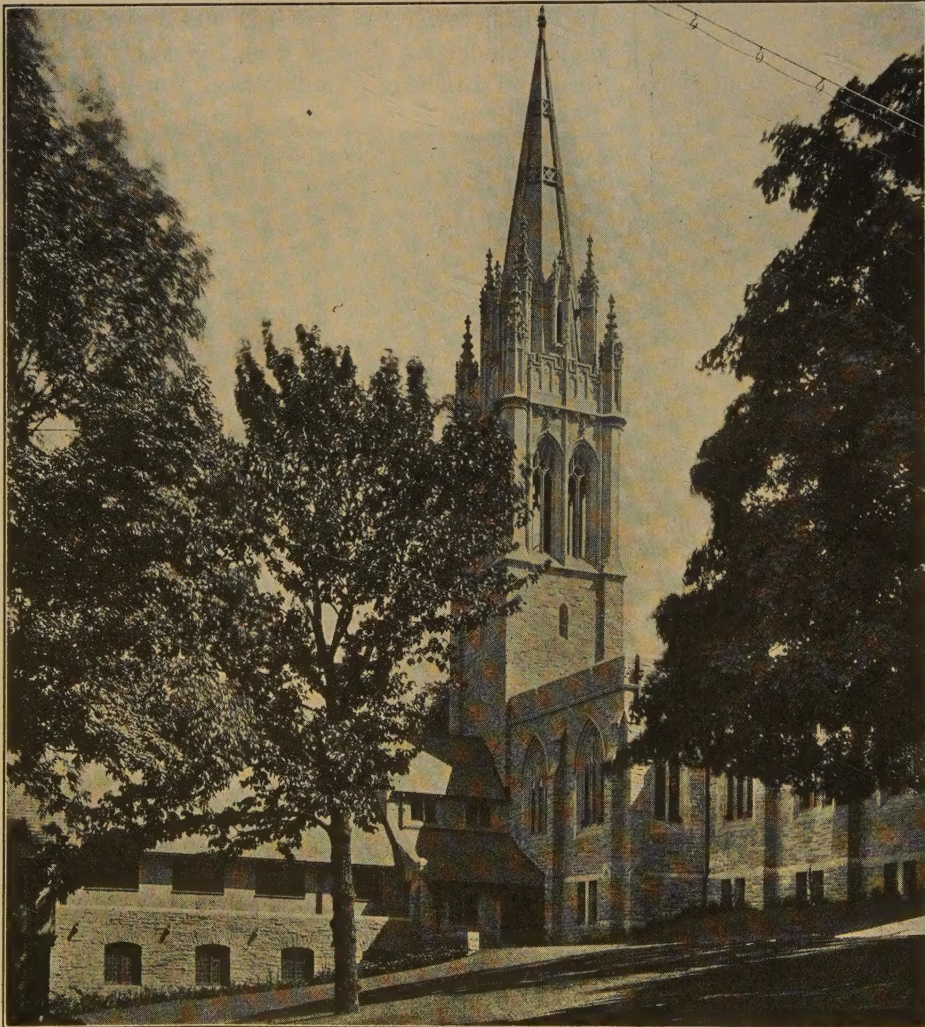
Pilgrim either never saw or else he repudiated it. Those wondrous buildings personified to him the powers that in the church stifled the conscience and in society were ever mistaking form for substance. At those altars were serving men of unholy lives; and down from the walls looked not the face of the lowly Jesus but the carnal forms of the great that the church had canonized. The Pilgrims were of humble lives and they, like the rest of the middle class in England, knew little of the technique of art. If they despised it, it was not for its own sake but because of the company that it kept. To them reality was everything and that which obscured or apologized for it they boldly swept away. With this in mind, we easily understand why the churches first built in America were so very plain.

But I can but think that on a Sunday morning many a Puritan missed the appeal of window, nave and altar which had been set before him in his earlier years. John Davenport, who had walked

under the portals of St. Paul's in England, Hooker, a fellow for years amid the artistic buildings of Cambridge, were of too fine a mental make not to feel the lure of the beautiful. I cannot imagine John Cotton walking into that little thatched roof meeting-house they built for him in Boston on the River Charles without recalling in contrast the magnificent parish church at Boston on Wytham, in which he had ministered with distinction for twenty years. That structure—Old Botolph, begun in 1309—was regarded as the noblest parish church in all England. Upward of a hundred and ninety feet rose its ornate tower and of it they sang, "the loftiest tower of Britain, in vale or on steep." And its lantern, like that at Antwerp, "looked out over leagues of land and leagues of sea." On that shining beacon the eyes of a generation of dissenters were last fixed before they fled away to Holland and America. And when they looked, and said, as some did, "Farewell, dear England," those eyes were bedimmed with tears.

They were leaving not only their estates and their homes and scenes made familiar in days of sunshine and of tears, but not only the ashes of their dead; they were leaving a heritage of culture and of industry wrought, not only for the university and guild hall but into the humble parish church, which gained by study and care from the master-builders of all lands.

Nevertheless our ancestors were practical men as well as men of deep conviction. When there were things more needing to be talked about than architecture. The Bible as authoritative against all governments and systems and all practices had been put into their hands to expose and defend. And thus as the finest product of the Reformation, gave the task their undivided



SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, WEST NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS

tion. They found within those sacred pages no authority for many adjustments, symbols and practices which had crept in through the devices of ruling ecclesiastics. Among them were the pulpit and the altar where, in borrowed robes, the state-made priests dispensed the sacraments. There was an arrangement, however artistic, that was utterly uncalled-for and against it they protested. In the place of the altar they made the pulpit the center of atten-

Upon it they reverently opened the open Bible. In front of it they put a table of the Lord and and it church members gathered as if to the sacred elements from the hand of the minister himself. In agreement with these fundamental principles, the construction of the meeting-house and all its furnishings were ordered in the initial days. Even down to our own times that type of church interior is to be most abundantly found. In England

one hundred and fifty years all meeting-houses were very plain. They were square in form, had enclosures upon three sides, with the pulpit upon the north side. Few, if any, of them had steeples in the seventeenth century and most were without one even to the close of the eighteenth. A few of them are still standing and though removals in the neighborhood and other reasons have prevented a regular service in them uncalled for, these buildings are still kept in repair and occasionally used so that from their pulpits may be told the story of the past. One of these old churches is at Andover, New Hampshire; one at Rockingham,

Vermont; one in the Long Society Parish at Preston, Connecticut; and one at Rocky Hill, Massachusetts. The latter we are showing on page 825. It was erected in 1781.

From this building we can gain an idea of how most early New England churches looked. The exterior is certainly not very appealing, and in the interior we can be sure the people were never left to the experiences of a "dim, religious light."

In the building sixty by forty-eight feet there are forty-four windows and exactly 1,431 panes of glass. I know, for I once counted them.

"Old house of Puritanic wood,
Through whose unpainted windows streamed,
On seats as primitive and rude
As Jacob's ladder when he dreamed,
The white and undiluted day."

The pulpit wears the only signs of decoration that the house reveals. And on the minister who slowly mounted its long stairway, were centered nearly all the functions of the day. The people were there to



INTERIOR, SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, HOLYOKE, MASS.

hear him and the sounding-board above his head made it certain that they should.

Looking now at the other pictures we can see what is happening in Congregational churches today. The Gothic spire of one of them rises up within ten miles of Boston and another, with Gothic interior, is only one hundred miles west of it. Though the makers of the Cambridge platform would have declared them to be a profanation, they are greatly admired by lovers of art and are filled each Sunday with spiritually edified congregations. And as far west as we can go and still be under the Stars and Stripes, on an island

of the Pacific to which Massachusetts sent her missionaries in 1820, we can enter the pillared and chancelled Central Congregational Church of Hono-

cles in the ceiling are touches of Byzantine art; the splendid pillars are Corinthian. Perhaps I thought that, on these islands, East and West



INTERIOR, CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, HONOLULU

lulu. The building, on its exterior, is of the Georgian Colonial type and was designed by Ralph Adam Cram of Boston. But who would ever think of a New England Georgian church in walking up that central aisle to a chancel with reredos surmounted by a cross? The rounded arches and cir-

meeting, led the artist to introduce these different styles of art. But whatever was the reason, the artist is a master builder and the congregation that fills each Sunday all the pews has in its descendants of the Damons, Rices, Judds, Gullicksons and Athertons, who helped to make the Sand-



INTERIOR, "THE TABERNACLE," SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

lands Christian territory. Though nurtured in plain orthodox Pilgrim meeting-house they now worship in this—one of the most artistic beautiful places of worship that Congregationalists possess.

And what has happened in old Salem? The house of worship of that mother church of missions is more. The new building stands, to be sure, on the site of the old, and the church has jealously preserved many reminders of the past. But what would that historic council of 1810 think if asked to see the chancel shown upon the preceding page? Would they not be as much surprised as they were

that day when asked to ordain five enthusiastic young men to preach the gospel to the far-off heathen?

Many other pictures could be shown to mark the use of art and symbol in the modern house of worship. But these suffice to raise certain questions which we shall consider in the next issue of this magazine. We make only one closing remark and to it our readers will surely agree: that the churches referred to in the above illustrations are neither deficient in taste, ignorant of Congregational usage, nor lacking in zeal for the triumph of the Christian church.



Drab Heroism

By HARRY R. MILES

ANY recruits in the late war wondered if, with lumps in their throats under first fire, they could act like soldiers. When time came, they were surprised to find that in excitement of battle, with comrades round

about, it was natural to be brave.

The courage of the soldier is the honor received, but it sometimes takes even more heroism for the man of peace, working at obscure tasks, to hold on and push ahead year after year.

Many ministers, with no one around to cheer them on, with no flags flying, have shown high courage. They kept hope in spite of all delays and discouragements until a new life was developed in men and communities. Victors who have won on such colorless battle-

fields show what has been well called drab heroism. One such man, after graduate study at Yale and Johns Hopkins, was a college professor for more than a decade. In 1890 an article on "An Overcoming Emergency," made him think that the mission field, and particularly the small town, offered him more than the college. He illustrates drab heroism in saying: "To take a weak, disorganized church, sick almost unto death, and to bring it back to a fair degree of health and vigor so that it becomes for many years a blessing to the community, is not heroic work like that of some of our home missionaries whom I have known and read of. Our colleges do not confer the degree of Doctor of Sick Churches; and such a degree, if it were obtainable, would probably not be much

sought. Many small churches had a bad start. Some were swamped by the godless community in which they were located. To help such churches is a necessary part of work for the progress of the Kingdom of God. It is exhilarating to the worker

to realize that nothing is too hard for the Lord."

This man asked the home missionary superintendent of the state which he knew best, if there was work for him in a place nobody else wanted, and received the reply: "Look only this way for work." He was sent to a church of about fifty members in a small village, with another church of fourteen members seven miles distant in the open country. His salary was six hundred dollars and no house. The field had been with-

out a pastor six months. The new minister, whose ambition was to go where he was needed, found here a place that satisfied him in this respect. Congregations were good from the beginning and soon increased until the little church was filled, making it sometimes necessary to open the lecture room. A group of aggressive atheists in the village had brought in infidel lecturers who had shaken the faith of some church members. The pastor had been trained in two great universities. He preached sermons on the historic evidences of Christianity. The people came to hear him, were satisfied, and atheism hid its head.

Meanwhile, he was carrying on the little church in the country with a good Sunday School and a congregation of seventy. He drove out in all kinds



A GREAT TEAM

of weather, and for the mid-week meeting as well as Sundays, his wife often going with him. The people said that if the pastor could come seven miles to the meeting, they could go shorter distances from their homes. Young people were drawn in and attendance at the mid-week meeting sometimes exceeded that on Sundays.

He finally went from this field, which was small but thriving, to a discouraged church in a prosperous town of twelve hundred people. It had been six months without a minister and had held a meeting to consider disbanding. They offered a salary of only five hundred dollars, and the parsonage of four rooms was close quarters for a family of five. The church said that they would add fifty dollars to the salary if they could, and they found that they could. The whole work grew; the minister's wife gathered a Bible class of over fifty young people. It was proposed to add a room to the parsonage but the pastor and his wife were troubled because the church was shabby, and insisted that it receive attention before the parsonage. An estimate was obtained on the cost of needed repairs. The pastor preached from the text: "Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house lie waste?" Then the needed money was pledged in twelve minutes. This was the first step toward financial prosperity for the church. Three rooms were added to the parsonage. A sense of life and power came to the church, so that the next pastor was able to build a new house of worship, when dollars were more than twice as big as they now are.

This minister and his wife, whose faces you see on page 829, now look back on moral uplift that they have seen in these and other communities, on lives transformed, and individuals who have gone from these little churches to be leaders in important parishes. They have heard a good deal about the hardships and privations of home missionary service but say they know these things only from the testimony of others, not from their own ex-

perience. They rejoice to know that young people whom they brought into the church, still loyal, carry on.

Another minister, whose work has been of the same kind, writes: "Some things are wonderfully refreshing. The other day an affectionate letter came from a friend in Ohio who attended my church twenty-five years ago, enclosing a ten dollar note just to prove that he had not forgotten his old pastor. Some men in the ministry visited last week and said it was life and preaching that helped to make them choose the ministry for their life work. When I think of fifteen others who claim the same thing, it cheers my old heart and I say thank God for the Christian church and the little humble part I took in it."

Scores of men on the Board of Ministerial Relief have done this type of work. Though not spectacular, it is, for that reason, more heroic. After such a retire, the same undaunted spirit remains. It shows itself in search of self-



A CASUALTY

port when salaries cease. Many defer asking for a grant long after they need it. A large number supplement their grants by earnings. One minister who left a southern city two years ago for a country home where he raises poultry, built a store on the road below the house and sold poultry, vegetables and other things needed by his country neighbors. He writes: "It is a little strange for a D.D. to get behind the counter and sell butter, eggs, turnips, canned goods, smoking tobacco, but I think of it!—fresh and smoked meat. Yet I am glad to do anything to help out in the expense of the home. You can see that five hundred dollars during the year, above all expenses, would keep my wife and me quite comfortable. The store is closed tight on Sunday. We are doing the thing by the colored people and it is interesting to see their reaction. They tell me that no white man around here ever did as I am doing. One man said to me: 'Doctor, you seem to us to be doing in this little store like you preached.' If

to them to see that true religion and righteousness are identical, I may get the Gospel across into their hands as I could not do in the pulpit, but I feel more at home behind the pulpit than behind the counter. I never knew an old minister to be doing just what I am trying. Did you?"

Handicaps do not down old ministers or their families. One man whose leg was broken by an automobile, and who recently lost his wife, wrote me receiving a check from the Emergency Fund: "Your letter and the enclosed check made me sit up in tears. I am still keeping house for myself, I have not been financially able to get a housekeeper. It is kind of hard for me as I am on crutches, but God watches wonderfully over his children."

A minister's wife of sixty-eight, also on crutches with a broken hip, writes: "Your check was received yesterday and talk about thrills—I wanted to get out and tell the world. I always seem to have so much to do and I stick to it, as if the world might be upset if I did not finish every task I think I can manage. I shall have to get busy again soon making changes in the house, and then with painting Easter cards for my Sunday School class—the lovely girls. I am always so thankful when I do not have to be in bed." Picture the quiet heroism of these casualties who refuse to leave the front of battle.

The man seen on page 830 spent his years of missionary service in the saddle, or climbing on top of the mountains. Sciatic rheumatism, brought on by these exactions, now cripples him. He lives on a mountain farm miles from the nearest neighbor. He has been through all kinds of experiences but is facing now something that tries

his soul. He writes: "My wife is not well nor strong, but still tries to do her work. Since my health broke, four and a half years ago, the burden has been so heavy for her that she, too, has almost broken down. We need many things which our modest pension will not permit, and which I never have mentioned. But I will mention one. We need a well drilled to supply water for the house. We use surface water from a deep spring or dug well one hundred and fifty steps from the house, and the water has to be carried up hill. My wife, not being strong, it is hard on her and I cannot help at all. I do lots of little chores but cannot do that. The well would cost about seventy-five dollars. Now would it be possible to help us that much more and save my poor wife from dragging up and down this long hill, through snow and rain and mud and cold? If so, we would be profoundly thankful." When the appeal goes out next month for the Christmas Fund, remember that it makes possible doing things which may save a breakdown like that which threatens this wife.

We speak of ministers on the roll as Veterans of the Cross. They are not only old but battle-scarred. Many of them have served on small salaries that did not give opportunity to provide for the future, or indeed for the present except in a most meager way, yet they did their work and held their peace. Now on an average pension of three hundred and seventy-three dollars, a sum so small in the face of present costs that it should shame us who do not raise the standard, they voice heartfelt gratitude for the way in which they are remembered and cared for. They take their burdens as part of the day's work, and go on thankful and serene. Men and women who can do this are real heroes.

Salvaged Churches—Social-Religious Pioneering

By Director HAROLD M. KINGSLEY of the Department of Negro Work in the North

Singing Souls

FROM the Corona Congregational Church to Greenwich Village and then to Broadway climbed Frank Wilson, born singer, actor and leader. The star of "In Abraham's Bosom" was to appear. There had been a dispute about the size of the type in which his name appeared on the programs; some stars have such a way with them. Frank Wilson, the understudy, took the star's place at ten minutes' notice. Thereafter Frank Wilson was the star. "He is the sort of understudy that is the terror of principals," said a critic of the *New York Times*.

But that, Frank Wilson is not an accident. His group of Aldridge Players was organized and

trained in our community church at Corona, New York. They gave a series of three one-act plays under the auspices of Krigwa, the leading Negro Little Theater movement, in Harlem last fall. Frank Wilson wrote these plays. The main play, "Sugar Cain," elaborated to three acts, will be produced this winter on Broadway. Wilson is the leader of the Young People's Society, teacher in the Sunday School, organizer of programs and concerts in the Corona church. Only recently he brought over the stars of his Broadway company and gave an unexcelled dramatic and musical concert at the church. Through the church his life program seeks to fulfill the words of Professor Edwin Mims, of Vanderbilt University, spoken at

Founders' Day, Tuskegee, last year: "We need your spirituals but not your jazz, your faith but not your superstition. Let your humor remain as a fountain of joy rather than a cesspool of vulgarity. Leave the jungle, where the ape and tiger rule, far behind, but go not into the desert of sophistication where the jackals find their prey. Let the school and church retain your fealty rather than the cabaret. Let the rhythm of your souls be the music of the spheres rather than the tomtom of the orgy." Frank Wilson has a mission through Corona church to make souls sing.

Pan-Africa

The Negro intellectuals from all over the world gathered at Grace Church, Harlem, late in August. Population maps, economic maps, speeches, reports, round tables dealing with every country in the world having a Negro population were on exhibition. Missionaries, socialists, radicals, school teachers, preachers, students, diplomats, writers, all studying the Negro as a world factor were present. The shortcomings of the church as an organized expression of Christian brotherhood, ways and means and methods were discussed. Grace was indeed the stage for Pan-Africa for a week. Very few churches have the wide cosmopolitan touch of Grace. There was present one of the principals of a new Negro play on Broadway. He is an earnest member of the church. Pastor Garner, in uniform, ready to join the old Fifteenth at Peekskill Camp, yet found time to visit the officials of a Grand Lodge convening near by with over fifty thousand members and visitors. Plans for reaching the people and using the salvaged church were formulated.

Jewish and Christian Cornerstones

On July 18, the day after the cornerstone-changing at Mt. Zion, the *Cleveland News* carried a leading editorial captioned, "A Progressive Church." The following is quoted: "The conception of the Negro church and the Negro ministry as being essentially backward, owing to the comparatively recent emergence of the colored race in America from an era of slavery and ignorance, is being rudely shattered these days when college-trained leaders have become the rule, and educated

parishioners can be counted upon to support progressive social activities.

"The Mt. Zion Congregational Church, located East Fifty-fifth Street and Central Avenue, headed by a minister who is fully awake to the vital needs of men, women and children of the district. Dr. Russell Brown, the pastor, believes in using his institution seven days in the week. His congregation is now engrossed in a city-wide campaign to raise \$50,000 to pay off the indebted-

ness upon the largest church building for Cleveland's colored population and enable the completion of an extensive and intensive social welfare program."

A surging sea of 5,000 faces, two lodges with two bands, street cars and traffic stopped on one of Cleveland's busiest corners recently to see an event of far-reaching importance: Mt. Zion changing its cornerstone. Dr. Q. Blanchard, Mr. W. Davis, Editor Robert Vann, publisher of the largest Negro paper, the *Pittsburgh Courier*; ex-Governor Harry L. Davis and the writers were among the visitors and



FRANK WILSON

speakers. Mt. Zion is specializing in reaching the people. Here is a church dominated by some of the most progressive Negroes in the country, a wonderful combination of the masses and the class. Another use for the salvaged church building.

"From Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate"

The phrase is Dr. H. H. Proctor's. He envisioned a string of these social-religious pearls stretching across the broad bosom of America. Buying relinquished churches continues to be one of the major activities of the Negro church of the North. This movement together with the splendid brand new buildings like St. Mark, Boston; Grace, Harlem, and those in St. Paul and St. Louis, is making a remarkable change in the physical aspects and programs of Negro churches. Congregationalists have led in this phase of city growth and population readjustment. Last fall St. Mark was opened; last spring Plymouth, Detroit, and before that Grace Church, Harlem; Corona, New York; Mt. Zion, Cleveland; Lloyd Memorial, Buffalo; all salvaged churches. The string is growing. In September and October this group of churches will dedicate salvaged buildings totaling about

\$250,000 in cost and much more in value. Among them are Forty-third Street, Philadelphia, our newest congregation; Lincoln Memorial, Los Angeles; Liberty, Chicago; Nazarene, Brooklyn; and Milton, Delaware, the only Congregational Church in the state. This procuring of buildings is simply a first and necessary step in order to put in social-religious programs touching every needy phase of the life of the people, inspiring and stabilizing the

migrant in his readjustment and ministering to the mellow life of the native Northerner. Service, reaching the people, is the objective. Already three of our churches have passed the seven hundred membership mark. Mt. Zion and Grace, Harlem, were both honor roll churches for ingathering of members last year. The salvaged church is doing the work for which it was built: bringing men to God.



Wider Interests of the A. M. A.

FOR many years, the American Missionary Association carried on missions in Jamaica, Siam and West Africa. One of the annual reports in the early days calls attention to the conditions of Negroes in Cuba and Brazil and suggests the responsibility of the Association in connection with their special need. It has never been out of harmony with the purpose of the American Missionary Association to interest itself in the condition of those in other lands who are of the same race with those in the United States among whom our missionaries serve. The Association is peculiarly interested in the American Board's mission in Portuguese East Africa, composed of Negro missionaries from A. M. A. schools. The pastor of one of the colored Congregational churches attended the Belgium conference on Africa, and Thomas Jesse Jones' report on the Educational Survey in Africa was almost as interesting for A. M. A. workers as his Survey of Negro Education in the United States, published by the interior Department.

Likewise the Chinese strangers in Cuba, Mexico and Peru have a particular interest to those who are concerned about Chinese in the United States. For there is a national and racial unity which makes all these groups who have left their homeland feel keenly their common problems as well as the problems back in China. Hence, the American Missionary Association must maintain an intelligent and sympathetic relation to the great struggle in China and to the needs of Chinese in neighboring countries of the Western Hemisphere if we would keep in touch with and influence the life of those Chinese in our own cities.

The Japanese among whom we work in the United States are keenly interested in the Japanese colony in Sao Paulo, Brazil, perhaps forty thousand altogether. A Japanese pastor went from New York to that region and is supported by Japanese merchants in New York. He is in touch with the secretary for Brazil of the Committee on

Cooperation in Latin America, Professor Erasmo Braga, and through this source have come reports of the progress of Christian work among these Japanese. The A. M. A. assists in the work of the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America by an annual appropriation. But even if we had no financial interests, we should feel that nothing which concerned the sympathies and responsibilities of the Christian Japanese in the United States was alien to the work of the American Missionary Association. It is on this principle that the representatives of the A. M. A. stand in their demand for fair treatment of the Japanese in the United States and their defense of the national aspirations of the people of China and Japan. The Association will be true to its original and often reasserted purpose if its representatives have a large share in research and public discussion of race problems and the conditions of non-white peoples all round the world.

Professor Braga, from his office at Rio de Janeiro, sends the following report from Rev. M. Kobayashi, the missionary among the Japanese at Sao Paulo:

"I must thank you about buying this house for the center of our work in Brazil. It was on right next day of you visiting him when Mr. Y. Murai of New York wrote me offering the ten thousand dollars to buy this house. Now our family has increased to thirty people. And on every side, we are so much blessed. Especially, I thank God to that we have been given one more candidate for our missionary work here! We must train all of our workers in this very country because the workers who don't know Portuguese nor all conditions of this country cannot do much. We have many useful boys and young men here who are preparing in various Brazilian schools. We are getting great sympathy from our countrymen, and the new Japanese Ambassador in Rio de Janeiro also has been very good will to our mission. When I visited him last month he contributed to our work.

"Perhaps you have already heard about the great propaganda of the Catholics among the Japanese. But I believe our movement is more steady and stronger than theirs. Our utmost efforts are to be more faithful to the truth and the spirit of Jesus Christ. And it must be victory at the last."

In a letter to the Japanese student secretary of the University of Missouri, Mr. Kobayashi writes:

"The social condition of our people in Brazil, generally speaking, is quite primitive except the cities. As all pioneer workers, they have no all-made-society yet. Their life in the interior returns to the age of Zimmu, the first emperor of Japan. They are now fighting against many difficulties—the sickness of the new land, the inconvenience of the communication, the deficiency of all the organs of civilization, especially the educational and hygienic equipments. But year by year, they are gradually settling down. I am very glad to see that they are striving to assimilate with the Brazilian people; at least they are earnestly desiring to avoid the great failure of the Japanese in California. But I find a great mistake which they are making about it; many of them think that the best way by which they show their assimilating spirit is to become Catholics, because Brazil is a Catholic country and the great mass of the people is Catholic. It seems to me the Japanese govern-

ment is also making this same mistake. I am very sorry that they do not know well about the real Brazil; the most progressive element of the new Brazil is the Protestant. Our utmost efforts are in cooperating with these new and most powerful Brazilian leaders to make here the second mother country.

"Now there are two more Japanese missionaries here beside me. Mr. Y. Ito, the Episcopalian, is always working in the interior, and Mr. T. Monobe of the Holiness Mission, is most of the time in this city of Sao Paulo. Of course, we want more useful workers for the spiritual cultivation of our countrymen and for the creation of the good assimilating spirit among them.

"My dear Mr. Goto, I do believe that God has sent me here to take up my life work in this great new country of Brazil, the land of liberty, the people of great sympathy and the most blessed new world where is no such wicked racial conflicts as we see in the States. If the Kingdom of God is realized on this earth, it must begin from Brazil.

"I thank God that I am so much blessed through last six years' work as the all foundations have been settled down here. May God bless you and your message. I am,

"Yours very truly,

"Midori Kobayashi."



A Magic Kaleidoscope

By MARY ESTHER REESE

A SHIFTING mass of color. Warm reds, deep shades of blue, soft rose tints, flaming yellow, cool green and deep-toned orange. One brilliant image, then another, all formed in swift succession and by a single turn of the wrist. That was the magic and the wonder of the old-fashioned kaleidoscope. But, more magical, more wonderful is the human memory which flashes before the mental vision past events and past experiences in colorful succession. I pick up my memory kaleidoscope and see a shifting mass of color, which, as I concentrate upon it, becomes clearly-defined and vivid.

The first turn reveals an excited, eager group of children carrying heavy blankets, old sheets, and all manner of discarded finery in their small, warm arms. All forty are talking at once. Suddenly there is a movement toward the door of the auditorium and cries of "Here she comes!" "Here comes the teacher!" Then begins the chorus: "Miss Reese, will this basket do for Moses?" . . . "Miss Reese, is this bathrobe all right for Joseph's

coat?" . . . "Say, Miss Reese, what can Samuel and Eli wear on their heads?"

Oh, no, it's not going to be a motion picture film, for I am not a movie director; only a simple young college girl undertaking the tasks expected of a student summer service worker. We—the children and I—are getting ready for the public program which is to formally bring our two weeks' Daily Vacation Bible School session to a close. As from day to day in our school we have devoted our time to Bible study, mission, scriptural memory work, worship, and handwork, we wish to represent these periods in our program. In our every-day curriculum the boys and girls have taken great delight in "acting out" the Bible stories. Thus, as we intend to dramatize some of those same stories again for the program, the question of costuming is a very vital one. After a minute or two the hubbub has ceased and the practice goes forward.

Another turn of the magic kaleidoscope: the practice is over and the eventful night has come. Everyone is in his best clothes, uncomfortable, but

ger. As a dream, the program moves forward. Down the church aisles march the double files of boys and girls led by the American and Christian flags and singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Then follow salutes to the two flags with "Faith of Our Fathers" and "America." Without a trace of self-consciousness the tiny folks dramatize the story of Moses. The sympathetic audience with no semblance of a smile watches the wee princess at her lace curtain elegance as she lifts from the front of the platform her mother's sewing basket, which for the time being has lost its identity and has become a very real "ark of bulrushesaubed with slime and with pitch." The sweetness of the dear little mother of Moses and the earnestness on the part of the tiny princess outweigh any incongruities in the costuming, setting or acting, and make the scene life-like and beautiful.

The colors are moving again. This time I catch glimpses of the Bible School picnic. First, a hilarious group playing "Three Deep." Then a quieter but no less merry company crowding around the lemonade pail. "No second helpings until everyone is served once," I repeat for the twentieth time, dancing at a mischievous little face which has been hovering over it. Time passes; the supply pail holds out. I keep on dipping, endlessly, it seems. "Say, I drunk six glasses full, a'ready." "Well, that's nothin'; Miss Reese, I've had seven." "Yes, an' Jack had nine at the school picnic". . . . and more discussions regarding lemonade capacity follow. When the picnic is over we go home, dusty, sticky, and tired—but oh, so very happy! There has been a glorious outing with only a few slight mishaps; one youngster fell out of a tree; another lanced his fingers in the gate; and another was "mislaid" for some anxious minutes on my part. But, what's this next image? It is the sweet remembrance of our daily worship period in the Bible school. Dark heads, blonde heads, curly heads, straight heads are all bowed. Restless, shuffling feet are stilled for a moment and a hush of reverence pervades the room. Softly, but earnestly the boys and girls of Lutheran, Mormon, Baptist and Congregational faith repeat: "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." It sounds like a promise, like a covenant; and the solemnity of its import as it falls from childish lips is overwhelming. The prayer is finished. The children are on their feet, singing, "Faith of Our Fathers": a grand old hymn, and how they love singing it—these Western boys and girls of the eager eyes and sun-tanned faces.

Many of the most attractive kaleidoscopic memories belong to my experiences of "boarding and

rooming around," like the old-fashioned school teachers. Without exception the people were friendly and made me just another member of their family circles. I think of two little girls setting a table while I, in the kitchen near by, am helping their mother to shell peas. There is some argument from the dining room and as the voices wax louder, I hear very distinctly: "Yes, sir, Jane! Miss Reese is supposed to have the good silver, but it doesn't match the rest." Needless to say, their mother's face turns a shade or two pinker at that most illuminating and explanatory remark.

At nearly every place the photograph and snapshot books were displayed. By means of these pictures I met Aunt Henrietta, "fair, fat and forty"; Cousin Mabel, who could sing just "be-yootifully"; Great Uncle Levi who went out West and made just lots of money; and Grandfather's wife's sister's daughter, who lived back in New England. Was I bored with all that? No, not a bit! The human touch, the strong human interest back of each blurred snapshot and faded photograph made boredom impossible.

The next bright color group represents recollections of the church calling. That was a dreaded duty, for in my mind it had always represented something very strained and unnatural both on the part of the caller and the "callee." However, after a little experience at the dreaded work I found that it wasn't "half-bad" and could soon ring a door bell without quaking in my boots. Before the summer was over it came to be one of the greatest joys of the service.

Never will I forget my call on the Schneiders, a German-Russian family who came to America just before the World War began, and kept in close contact with the old country through near relatives still living there. Mrs. Schneider told of the days before the war when her father had been a well-to-do peasant farmer, owning his land, considerable stock and a lot of wagons. Then how with the coming of the revolution and the communists' control, everything was divided and the old man deprived of the earnings of a lifetime. With tears in her eyes, this poor woman went on to tell in broken English how her own mother had literally starved to death three years before. Time and again she had sent her food and clothing, but these supplies never reached their destination. Before this I had met communism as a theory on the pages of a text-book, but now I was face to face with it as an actual fact and sensed the tragedy and pathos it had brought.

The home of this family was of sod, nicely finished inside and whitewashed without. In the

deep windows were all kinds of plants and indoor vines. On the walls there hung the family pictures; one of Mr. and Mrs. Schneider at the time of their marriage. She dressed in the typical Russian fashion; he in his army outfit. His curled moustache and erect shoulders bespoke Russian militarism. Near this hung a picture of the old people on Mr. Schneider's side of the house. They were both in peasant dress, the man with a close-fitting black cap and the woman with head covering customary in old Russia. Beneath these pictures stood an American phonograph. That was certainly a most visible merging of the old world and the new. Some of the records played were beautiful German melodies and other were highly syncopated American jazz, the latter selected by the young folks of the family. Imagine the contrasts and differences between the two!

Before I left they served beer—not the root beer sold at drug store counters, but the brand which has become illegal since the passage of the prohibition amendment. When I explained as tactfully as I knew how, that I didn't care for any, they were not offended but plainly surprised. Of all girlish whims, that was the limit—to refuse perfectly good beer!

Another turn of the magic instrument and no mental vision is revealed—just a recollection of sounds; jingling coins and rattling poker chips, interspersed with loud laughter and muttered curses. These bring back a nervous night spent in a Western hotel all alone. After going to bed I heard a group of overly "merry men" come upstairs, singing lustily. After a great deal of scraping and

moving they settled down in the room adjoining mine and the gambling began. When I awoke early dawn the play was still going on and the excitement had reached a high pitch. The row of bottles standing outside their door next morning indicated that their game had been spirited.

One last turn before we lay down the kaleidoscope. There flashes the vision of an eager, enthusiastic group of young people planning a Christian Endeavor party which they say is "going to be different." Week in and week out they have no social life except the public dance. Here is an opportunity for something better; something which will also serve as an anchor for their very new society. The members of the invitation committee feel their importance; those on the refreshment committee consult together seriously as to whether eight-cakes will be sufficient and the group chosen to provide entertainment debate with some intensity the question of playing, "Going to Jerusalem." When that party finally comes off it seems to meet the highest expectations of all the young people and is voted a grand success.

Again and again I might turn the kaleidoscope calling up each time new and different memories. As I see them passing before me, I am conscious of a mingled feeling of happiness and regret. Happiness, because an opportunity for Christian service during the vacation months was offered and regret because my accomplishments were limited. Now as college lies just ahead, it is my earnest hope and prayer that my studies will further fit me for service as a student of the Great Teacher.



A New Emphasis in A. M. A. Schools

By ELIZA LORD JAQUITH

The schools of the American Missionary Association, in addition to regular academic studies, have always stressed work and religion. Work must be dignified and religion made more intelligent. There was little time for the amenities, except music. Last year, one of the teachers in Talladega College was released for general work in the schools to emphasize a new element in education.—EDITOR.

WHO does not covet the pleasure of seeing at close range all the various types of schools fostered by the American Missionary Association in the South? What variety of locality from the swamps of southeastern Georgia, or the delta region of Mississippi, to the rarer air of the Cumberland Plateau; from the isolated country school to one in a historic city like Charleston, South Carolina; or, from struggling preparatory schools to the three fast-growing and beautiful colleges, Straight, Tougaloo and Talladega. What pilgrimages there will be when Northern friends

realize this variety of scene and work, its splendid personnel, and the amazing interest of it all!

Probably a number of reasons led the American Missionary Association to grant a year's leave of absence to a teacher at Talladega College to visit these schools—not exactly for her pleasure, but since happiness is always a by-product, her pleasure was none the less. The real purpose of the Association was to express its feeling that the time has come for a new emphasis on what may be called art appreciation, a term needing in this case the explanation of the methods followed.

More than thirty years ago, William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, wrote: "The great thing which we need in American life is the cultivation of taste. To bring about intelligent appreciation of art is the problem, not merely to bring about works of art." Since that time Augustus St. Gaudens and John S. Sargent, to name only two, have left us their splendid heritage of works of art, but it is only recently that the nation as a whole has awakened to the need of intelligent appreciation. Today the signs of this awakening may be seen on every hand. Two of the determining factors in this vigorous and insistent movement are its emphasis on the unity of the arts, judging "a poem and a pan" by identical principles, and the tremendous significance of the fact that these same principles are equally applicable to the inner, spiritual beauties of life. Hence the swelling slogan, "Character through love of the beautiful." Today we begin to realize that as a consciousness of the Infinite is the only adequate inspiration in life, just so order and beauty constitute the only adequate atmosphere for that life. Disorder and ugliness are the static above which the harmonies of the spirit may not be heard.

The American Missionary Association expects to train leaders. Then prospective teachers must be equipped for the growing demand of the state schools for art study. The school must not only provide an atmosphere which will vitally affect for good the taste of the student, but must teach the fundamental nature of things beautiful, in the amenities and graces of life. No one can be considered educated in whom there has not been developed those inner, abiding sources of joy, open to all whose eyes and ears are trained to see the beautiful in God's earth and sky and in the beauty of art. Pictures are indeed "magic windows" through which the outer world becomes glorious! In a stay of three to ten days, what could any one person do in any given school to express this new emphasis? One wonders at the temerity and optimism of the Executive Committee in sending her out. But, after some explanation at the Principals' Conference in October of what was planned, this teacher started out with stereopticon slides, a dozen relevant books, a small collection of fine foreign photographs lent by a member of the Executive Committee, and a collection of reproductions to illustrate both the pictures every one should know and what pictures are available at prices from a cent and a half to several dollars. For class work there were many duplicates of small colored prints.

In the first place, the greatest single factor in the joy and success of the year's work has been the hearty welcome extended by the principals and their cooperation in the work. In almost every one of the twenty-one A. M. A. schools visited principals gladly put aside every other engagement so that the schools might get all it was possible for the visitor to give. In one school, there being temporarily something the matter with the lighting plant, the students were asked to sit in the dark, or study in groups by lamps, so that there might be electricity enough for two stereopticon talks. Chapel exercises, prayer meetings, teachers' meetings, and as many class periods as could be used were thrown open.

To the younger children could be given the lesson that all things, if beautiful, must be clean, orderly and whole—the new emphasis being on *whole*. Then the joy of sunlight on face and tree, the fine lines of the perspective down the road, and the lessons of unselfish service from such pictures as the universal favorite, "The Children of the Shell." High school students could get some idea of the part played by color, line and composition; while college students had consecutive lessons on the elements of beauty. One often heard the expression, "I didn't know there was so much to see." An interesting illustration of friendly relations between schools of different denominations was shown at Tillotson, Texas, where a group of students from Sam Houston College came over for the lessons. Usually the important work with the teachers was the explanation of the nation-wide art movement and its significance—its philosophical and social grounds. It was because the teachers already felt the importance of these matters, though prevented by pressure of other school problems and lack of funds from doing what they really wished to do, that they responded so enthusiastically and can now be depended on to devise ways and means to continue the emphasis on the necessity for beauty in everyday life.

There were many parent-teachers meetings and several Sunday morning services open. Also several schools, not A. M. A., asked for single talks. Gradually there emerged a series of pictures whose messages served to point the way to the abundant life, and these were appreciated. One student, evidently not interested at first, remarked later, "I knew 'Sir Galahad,' but I never knew before that it had anything to do with the pursuit of my visions."

As mutual acquaintance deepened, it became easy to discuss with teachers and principals the problems of furnishings, draperies, the rehanging of pictures, and the doing away with certain objec-

tionable features in dormitory or campus. It is a joy to recall certain rose gardens, certain new walks being put in, and everywhere the efforts of teachers and students to buy pictures and to plan more and more for things beautiful without and within.

To criticize is always easy; to understand is usually to sympathize. How crude the colors in paints have often proved, how the southern sun soon kills the paint, how desired furnishings are impossible on account of certain dust conditions or laundry facilities, how gifts do not always fit in with existing conditions, how painful lack of funds cramp the noblest ideals, and even how neighboring pigs dig under the fences in summer and destroy the shrubbery—this knowledge causes one to marvel at what has been done in many places, not to over-emphasize what remains to be done. Recently friends have contributed some pictures and furnishings to various schools and Mrs. Wilcox at the New York office is most enthusiastically carrying on, to the limit of funds available, the work in

which she has always been interested—that of making the schools homes of joy and beautiful living.

In every school some were found who are especially interested in art. It was not uncommon to find drawings which were remarkable for those who had never had an art lesson. The A. M. A. has always put emphasis on music. Is it possible that it is the only form of art in which the Negro would excel? The work of Henry O. Tanner ranks as high as that of Roland Hayes. At present the only drawing teacher in the A. M. A. system in the South is at Pleasant Hill, Tennessee. Some far-sighted philanthropist could find no finer field of service than to provide art training in all its branches for members of a race of superior artistic ability.

The close of the school year brings the pilgrim age to its end and, full of happy memories, the visitor returns to prepare for another year of teaching in her old department at Talladega.

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“The Church on the Shelf”

The History of the German Church in Dubuque, Iowa

By HERMAN OBNENHAUS, D.D., *Chicago, Illinois*

THE beginnings of German Congregationalism in this country date from the later forties of the last century, when about 600,000 German immigrants came to these shores. During the following ten years the number was about quadrupled.

On July 6, 1846, the sailing vessel, “Carolina,” three hundred and ninety-five tons burden, manned by seventeen sailors, left Bremerhaven with nine cabin and one hundred and forty-five steerage passengers aboard. These were landed in New York on September third. Among them were the Lutheran pastor, August Rauschenbusch, destined to become the father of the German Baptist churches, several other pastors and candidates, and eleven young men who were to be educated in a Lutheran seminary in Fort Wayne. Every morning they sang their German chorals in the common worship. One of these pastors was the Rev. Peter Fleury, of the Reformed Church from Sass, Switzerland, with his English wife, born Sophie Jackson, of Hull. Using the Bible as her textbook, she taught some of the pastors, including Rauschenbusch, the English language; and so efficiently did she teach during the two months at sea that when they landed some of them could speak fluently and could also pray in English.

The Fleurys served a church in Dubuque, Iowa, which had been organized in true Pilgrim fashion by laymen. They themselves organized other Congregational churches. When Mrs. Fleury died, in 1848, the bereaved husband returned to his native Switzerland, where he died in 1880. Had he remained in America and used his qualities as leader in the Congregational fellowship, our churches would doubtless have grown even faster and stronger than they have done.

For it was lack of leadership among them and lack of interest in them on the part of their English-speaking neighbors which finally led several, including the one in Dubuque



IMMANUEL CHURCH, DUBUQUE, I.

to leave Congregationalism and enter the Presbyterian fellowship.

The second chapter opens with the coming of a young German graduate of Andover Seminary of the class of 1868, Rev. Herman Ficke, who was sent to Dubuque to take charge of the recently organized German Congregational church at that place. He found a divided church. There was a debt of twelve hundred dollars, a considerable sum in those days just after the war. There was no Sunday School. Only five persons attended the first service. The church building which had been erected on a ledge of rock threatened to tumble down at any time, hence the building was generally known as "the church on the shelf." In 1888 a new building was erected on another site, and the organization, now called Immanuel Church, soon became recognized as one of the leading churches of the community, which was also for years the home of a German Lutheran and a German Presbyterian Seminary. It was and is today, "the church

with a Sunday School," of nearly five hundred members, and a church membership of four hundred and thirty souls. The services are now, of course, nearly all in English.

Pastor Ficke, with his English wife, continued to labor at this point for forty-three years, until his death on June 4, 1911. From the ledge vacated by the church building, the pastor, with his own hands, dug out enough more of the rock to make place for the commodious parsonage which from that commanding point overlooks the cross-streets below.

Since 1911 the church has been served by various pastors. Attendants at the recent Omaha Council may remember the latest of these, Rev. G. B. Baumann, who addressed the Council on some phases of German Congregationalism. Mr. Baumann has since concluded his labors there and the church is now seeking a leader who will carry into the coming years that spirit of devoted loyalty which is characteristic of the German folk.

Team Play for the Ministry

By CHARLES S. MILLS

TEN years ago the Congregational churches took the high resolve to commemorate the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims by securing the Pilgrim Memorial Fund as a permanent foundation of a modern pension plan, The Annuity Fund for Congregational Ministers.

This movement opened a new chapter of our history. All plans up to that time, although prompted by noble, benevolent instincts, and beautiful in service rendered, were inadequate, both in philosophy and in finance. To attempt to obtain results commensurate with the need through these methods was impracticable, for the cost was prohibitive.

It was understood, however, that the foundation, at best, would only be auxiliary to the goal sought. The plan depends chiefly upon annual payments by the minister and the local church. The same principle is at the heart of all scientific, modern pension systems. Three factors, therefore, were essential to success: the fellowship, the minister, and the church. Now that a decade has elapsed, what kind of team play can be reported?

I. The Fellowship as a Factor

Approximately 100,000 subscribers responded to the call for the foundation fund. The minimum objective of \$5,000,000 in net collections is nearly attained. The finances have been handled with much care and skill that already \$132,980, gained

through exchange of investments, is held as a Profit Reserve, producing income, in addition to the principal fund, for the protection of the minister. The market value of securities was, January 18, 1927, \$567,636 over cost. An ultimate objective of \$8,000,000 has been definitely approved by the National Council. Its full measure is essential to the efficiency of the plan. While one cannot fail to make note that \$600,000 in subscriptions are yet unpaid, and while every subscriber is urged to complete these payments as far as possible, the highest commendation may justly be given to the result already reached, which has involved sacrificial giving by a large share of the whole fellowship.

II. The Minister as a Factor

More than 2,300 ministers have entered the Annuity Fund, and 350 ministers, or their widows, have begun to receive annuities. There are hundreds of others who have never applied for membership. They are coming nearer, year by year, to the time of retirement, many of them without protection for their age. Some doubtless have been prevented by circumstances which they could not control, but it is difficult to believe that for the majority obstacles are insuperable. The obligation to provide, through Ministerial Relief, for those already retired, or nearing retirement, when the Annuity Fund was instituted, is clear and imperative; but as others come on without accepting the ample pro-

visions made for them, this obligation loses its force. No man may fairly expect the fellowship to make good his indifference or improvidence.

The greatest opportunity comes to those who have recently entered the ministry, for the longer the period of membership the larger the annuity to be obtained. Early in the year a study was made of the last Year-Book, and it was discovered that of a total of 1,267 ministers ordained within fifteen years, 681, or fifty-four per cent, had not yet entered the Annuity Fund.

Any member of the Annuity Fund eligible for the full credit from the Pilgrim Memorial Fund from the inauguration of the larger plan in 1921, would have, at the end of 1927, from these credits alone, \$562.02, not one dollar of which would have come from his own pocket. If he had been on a salary of \$2,000 during the period, his total accumulation at the end of 1927 would be \$985.70, and of this he would have paid only \$355.21. If his church had shared with him equally, his payment would have been \$177.60. If he had been on a salary of \$3,000, he would have had the same Pilgrim Memorial Fund credits and the total accumulation would be \$1,478.56, of which he would have paid only \$775.21. If his church had shared with him equally, his payment would have been \$387.60.

How many of our beloved veterans could rise up and, out of the bitterness of their experience, exhort their brothers, now in the days of youth, to make provision at all hazards for the years to come. It is astonishing to note how much even the modest annuity of \$500 through the "Original Plan" means to those receiving it. Many a man declares that it saves the day in providing for his age.

III. The Church as a Factor

Only a little more than 600 of our approximately 5,600 churches have accepted their part in safeguarding their ministers. How extraordinary that is when one notes how little is asked! A church paying a salary of \$2,000 would need to make an annual expenditure of only \$15, after the first year of the pastor's membership in the Fund. One with a salary of \$3,000 would pay \$45 annually; for one with a salary of \$4,000, the payment would be \$75.

Compare this with what some other great fellowships ask of their churches. An Episcopal or Presbyterian church with a salary of \$2,000 would pay \$150 instead of the \$15 shown above; on \$3,000 it would pay \$225 instead of \$45; on \$4,000 it would pay \$300 instead of \$75. Thousands of these churches are making such payments. Are our Congregational churches less alert to the welfare of their ministers than these other churches?

The Plan is not merely for those upon the lower salaries, as sometimes seems to be inferred. It is designed to include the entire ministry. Among churches now sharing in the annual dues of their pastors are: Old South Church, Boston; Center Church, New Haven; Central Church, Providence; First Church, Oak Park; Pilgrim Church, St. Louis; University Church, Seattle; First Church, San Diego, and many others of similar strength. Why should not every church with a pastor ordained within fifteen years have a place on the Honor Roll? Why should not every other church help its pastor to obtain such benefits as may now accrue for him?

Missionary Societies Cooperating

The missionary societies and state conferences are cooperating nobly. The American Board makes the proposition to every ordained missionary, when commissioned, that if he will pay \$25 annually, the Board will pay the entire balance of the dues. The Congregational Home Missionary Society pays one-half of the dues for every one in its employ and its proportion of the dues of every home missionary pastor, whether the church pays its share or not. The same generous cooperation is given by the American Missionary Association and the Congregational Education Society.

The State Conference as an Ally

In Vermont and New Hampshire, under the vigorous leadership of the state superintendent, the state conference offers substantial aid in entering the Annuity Fund to all ministers on the lower salaries. In Maine the offer of assistance includes the entire ministry. The trustees of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society offer to pay up to seventy-five per cent of the initial dues for all in its service. The Missionary Society of Connecticut increases the compensation by \$25 a year for each minister in its field service who becomes and continues a member of the Annuity Fund. In Wisconsin the superintendent is making membership in the Annuity Fund one of the major objectives of the year. Of 98 members of the Fund, 66 answering his inquiry, stated that the church was not sharing in their annual dues. Superintendent Faville brings them to book in the state paper with these trenchant words: "What's the matter with those 66 churches? Are the trustees penny wise and pound foolish? And how about the churches of the other 68 ministers, not now in the Fund? Have they offered to their ministers to pay their share of the premium, if the minister will enter the Fund? Better do it now, and put it in the next budget. Write me for particulars as they would apply to your case."

in many other states the superintendent watches anxiously for any opportunity to present the privilege of membership to ministers and to Boards of Trustees, and succeeds where no other advocate could be heard.

Directors of all state conferences are requested to consider making provision similar to that in northern New England so that every man, at least among those receiving the lower salaries, who desires to enter the Fund, shall be assisted in the initial payment. This would be of the highest strategic value in lifting the morale of the ministry of the state, and in magnifying the spirit of fellowship.

The Peril of Procrastination

It should be borne in mind that credit from the income of the Pilgrim Memorial Fund, toward the

annual dues of 1928, can be given only to those whose membership is concluded before the end of 1927. This is likely to be \$90, as it has been for the last two years. Many begin, in the last days of December, correspondence which often requires the exchange of several letters before membership can be consummated. Delay will imperil the credit for next year. Ministers and churches are earnestly requested to act immediately.

Any minister who has not received the "Questionnaire," a summary of correspondence with ministers in the past six years, should send for a copy. Any member of a church whose pastor is not yet safeguarded is invited to send for a copy of the "Honor Roll." The officers of the Fund will count it a privilege to be of service.

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A Cruise of the "Olive-Belle"

By REV. E. H. PHILLIPS, New Orleans, Louisiana

NOTE: Rev. Mr. Phillips is the colored Field Representative of the Church Extension Boards in the Gulf States, Arkansas and Oklahoma. Efficient, indefatigable, and consecrated to the task of winning and training young people in the wonderful way of living, Mr. Phillips is doing effective work. Just now his special attention is being given to the relief of the people who have lost their all in the recent floods in this district.

THE Congregational Service Car cast off from Saint Anthony Street pier, New Orleans Harbor, August 28, 3:30 a. m., with a mixed cargo of men's, women's and children's things, the gift of friends in Connecticut and New Orleans to the flood sufferers. On board were E. H. Phillips, captain; Adam [unclear], engineer; Harvey Royal, [unclear]; and Joseph Sparks, assistant engineer. We followed Jefferson Highway, via St. Charles Avenue, the Mississippi

River, to Westwego and the old Spanish Trail. Then, guided both by the stars and by the signs of the Louisiana Highway Commission, we went on to the Atchafalaya River at Morgan City, now free of water; thence through great sugarcane plantations to New Iberia, the queen city of the Teche, where we received a royal welcome from Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Sims and their daughters. After a brief stop for breakfast we drove on to Lafayette, where another

passenger, Rev. W. A. Bender, boarded us. Through cotton, cotton, cotton, we came to Opelousas and passed beyond to the Chenier Farm, Hollier Settlement, six bells and supper. Just before our arrival we sprung a leak, but with the

help of a "spare," we were soon under way again. The next day with four aboard we made Holy Cross Roman Catholic Church four miles away, and then loaded to the gunwale with Roman Catholic friends.

Returning, we

cleared, with a new passenger list, for Kennissoon Woods, where we assisted Rev. Mr. Lamon of the St. Paul M. E. Church in a rally. That afternoon we went to Hollier and the Holy Cross Congregational Mission. After Sunday School with an attendance of sixty-five, the "sky pilot," Rev. Mr. Bender, gave a splendid sermon on "Needs and Wants." At the close of the service, the anchor was raised and we were away for Cattero, near



COLORED AND CAJUNE CHILDREN ENJOYING THE SERVICE CAR

Plaisance, to visit refugees from our Palmetto Sunday School. We distributed clothing and arranged for organizing a Sunday School, as on the advice of physicians these people will not return to Palmetto until 1929. Returning to Hollier we gave the little ones a ride, and what a great time we had! I wish the administrative committee of the Congregational Church Extension Boards could have seen their happy faces and heard their joyful voices. It was a joy ride in the finest sense.

Early next morning we left for Beaumont, Texas, by way of Church Point and Crowley, stopping at Lake Charles to replenish our fuel supply at Dr. Pryce's and to call on the new pastor, Rev. M. F. Faust. In the early afternoon we reached Beaumont. The pastor, Mr. Graham, was on vacation, but Mrs. Graham and the church gave us a hearty welcome. A good night's rest and we were under way for Port Arthur, where Mr. Hamilton, backed by the Texas Conference, is really doing things. We left after stocking up with supplies. Houston was our destination. We arrived after a pleasant, though hot trip. Nacogdoches had been scheduled as our next point, but illness in the pastor's family compelled us to change our plans. We visited our old friend Charles M. Grudder, a Straight boy, the head of one of the largest fraternities in Texas. Returning to Beaumont, we spoke at the midweek service of our church. Then on to Lake Charles, through the pines to Midland, and eastward through rice and cane fields to Erath and the Iberia District Association, where we spent three days full of interest and enjoyment.

Saturday we overhauled the machinery and, loading a fresh supply of "lube," left for Asheville.

There a group of young folks assisted in a concert that netted thirteen dollars for the state Extension Committee. On Sunday a group from New Iberia



HOLY CROSS CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL, HOLLIER, LOUISIANA

helped in the Sunday School and young people meeting. Nineteen dollars in cash and pledges were secured for the building fund of "Kam Knighton," the future home of the Young People's Summer Conference. It was a great joy to be with these people, especially the fine group of young folks that met with us. And this in Erath—where we must secure written permission to organize a Sunday School.

Monday brought us back to Opelousas and the Chenier Farm, and a round of farm visitation. Tuesday we traveled out along the Pershing Highway to Washington and then to Beggs and over the Jefferson Highway to Palmetto and Melville. The trip was a trying one, fraught with danger to Olive-Belle and crew, which, on this trip, consisted of captain and assistant engineer, for the flood had swept the road bare of gravel and left it full of ruts and humps. The Louisiana Highway Commission had a large force of men at work with trucks and graders, which made driving difficult for a novice. The excavation in Melville, recalled "The Last Day of Pompeii," but the wide gap in the levee and the broken Texas and Pacific bridge, brought us back to recent days on the Atchafalaya. We distributed the last of our cargo among the refugees in the camp near the town. Melville is literally digging itself out of the sand and mud and it is no easy task. The next day, long before Old Sol was awake, we cast loose, homeward bound, and reached New Orleans in the afternoon, completing a twelve-hundred-mile run without an accident.



REFUGEES IN CAMP

kind, but encountering a variety of mis-
 ps both tragic and humorous. At one
 int, we assisted in righting a car that had
 en smashed in a head-on collision during the
 ght. Both cars, without lights, filled with young
 en, were "hitting the ball." None were killed,

but some seriously injured. As we neared home
 we murmured the words of the Travelers' Psalm
 and lifted our hearts in gratitude to the One who
 neither slumbers nor sleeps and looks after our
 goings-out and comings-in. We patted Olive-Belle
 and said, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

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Spanish-Speaking Work in New Mexico

By Secretary GEORGE W. HINMAN

IN 1916 the Commission on Missions suggested
 a transfer to the American Missionary Asso-
 ciation of certain educational work for Span-
 ish-speaking peoples in New Mexico and West
 Texas, then under the Congregational Education
 Society. This work consisted of a group of eight
 institutions with twenty-three workers under the
 superintendence of Dr. Heald. It seemed to the
 Commission on Missions that educational work for
 Spanish-speaking peoples properly belonged in the
 program of the A. M. A. and that we were better
 equipped to handle these institutions.

During the next five years an attempt was made
 to study the conditions and needs and plan for the
 future. In 1921 it seemed necessary to close Rio
 Grande for the year on account of lack of funds,
 though the plaza schools continued as usual. The
 next year Rio Grande was reopened and appro-
 priations for the work in New Mexico were
 doubled. Supervision of the field was gradually
 transferred to the A. M. A. secretary in San Fran-
 cisco. Since then the work has made much prog-
 ress, and has had close and systematic attention
 by the administrative officers of the A. M. A. in
 accordance with a definite and carefully planned
 program. For the twelve years since taking over
 the work, the total expenditure on account of the
 New Mexico work has been nearly \$250,000, be-
 sides an appropriation of \$25,000 for new buildings.
 A general policy had been developed in other
 A. M. A. fields of closing small elementary schools
 and centralizing work in a few larger schools with
 steadily advancing standards. A study was made
 to see whether this should be done in New Mexico.
 At this time, also, interdenominational surveys were
 begun, seeking to locate objectives for the larger
 schools in the Southwest and to attempt a common
 program for all the work. It developed from this
 survey that Rio Grande had a distinct field and
 was not competitive with other boarding schools.
 Accordingly, it was decided that our educational
 work was to be centered in Rio Grande, with spe-
 cial effort to encourage attendance of promising
 children from the plaza towns. In line with this
 policy, the workers in the plazas were instructed

gradually to discontinue grade work paralleling
 that of the public schools, and give themselves to
 community service along modern lines so as to en-
 courage the development of the public schools and
 a free church under the guidance of those whose
 primary responsibility is the establishment of Con-
 gregational churches.

The program of Rio Grande has become
 more definite and is: first, to take promising chil-
 dren from the plaza towns and give them home
 training as well as school work; second, to provide
 for special cases of other Spanish-American or
 Mexican children who lack home influence or pub-
 lic school opportunities; third, to bring a small
 proportion of Anglo-American children into con-
 tact with the larger number of Spanish-American
 children in the school as a means of mutual stim-
 ulus and adjustment; and, fourth, to provide a
 home for more advanced Spanish-speaking stu-
 dents so that they may continue their studies in the
 high schools of Albuquerque and the university.
 The A. M. A. hopes to develop these opportunities
 further, so that Spanish-speaking persons who give
 promise of Christian leadership may be encouraged
 and assisted in further preparation.

This definite program for Rio Grande and the
 plazas is meeting with approval from public offi-
 cials and many of the people of the plaza com-
 munities and Albuquerque. The last few years
 have revealed a new interest and sense of respon-
 sibility for the work on the part of the people of
 New Mexico. The attendance at Rio Grande has
 markedly increased, there is a better spirit among
 the pupils, better educational results are secured,
 there has been a remarkable rehabilitation of the
 plant, and plans for a great enlargement of the
 facilities of the school are being carried out. We
 feel that present success justifies the cooperation
 of the whole Congregational constituency of the
 Southwest in this clear and practical program for
 educational work among Spanish-speaking peoples
 in New Mexico. We shall carry on the work, how-
 ever, with open mind, ready for any practical sug-
 gestion growing out of interdenominational or in-
 tradenominational study of the situation.

The Foundation for Education Under the Merger

By HERBERT W. GATES

General Secretary of Religious Education

IN view of the many inquiries coming to the office of the Education Society with reference to the Foundation for Education, a brief statement of the present situation seems desirable for the sake of clear understanding.

It was the judgment of the denomination, expressed in its acceptance of the report of the Committee of Twelve at Washington, that the Foundation of Education should be reunited with the Education Society as soon as possible. The problem was, how to do this without injury to the cause for which the Foundation stood, adequate attention to the needs of our educational institutions for administrative counsel and financial aid.

The revised By-Laws of the Education Society adopted at Omaha provide for this by the creation of a distinct department with a full-time secretary. One of the standing committees of the Society is the Committee on the Foundation for Education and provision is also made for a Secretary of the Foundation for Education, coordinate in rank with the General Secretary of Religious Education, and the Secretary of Promotion. This committee is elected by the Board of Directors of the Society and consists of fifteen members, of whom one-third each are to be pastors, laymen or lay women, and educators. The membership of this committee is as follows:

Rev. E. B. Allen, Oak Park, Illinois; Rev. D. F. Bradley, Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. H. S. Bradley, Portland, Maine; Rev. R. W. Barstow, Madison, Wisconsin; Rev. Ervine Inglis, Lincoln, Nebraska; President J. A. Blaisdell, Claremont, California; President T. W. Nadal, Springfield, Missouri; President G. W. Nash, Yankton, South Dakota; Rev. L. O. Baird, Seattle, Washington; Dr. E. C. Streeter, Boston, Massachusetts; Mr. Charles E. Burbank, West Boylston, Massachusetts; President Lucia Briggs, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Mrs. Frank Ferry, Winnetka, Illinois; Mr. John R. Montgomery, Chicago, Illinois.

Its duties are thus described:

"The object of the Foundation shall be to make available for educational institutions which possess the ideals of the Congregational fellowship and share in that fellowship the resources of the denomination for administrative counsel, encouragement, and financial assistance. Specifically, the Foundation shall seek to establish an endowment fund or funds, the income of which shall be avail-

able for institutions of secondary and higher education.

"The Foundation will also recommend grants of aid by said Education Society from the receipts of the Society within a budget to be determined by the Board of Directors.

"Headquarters for the Foundation may be established at such point as may seem advantageous to the Committee of the Foundation with the approval of the Board of Directors." By-Laws, Article VII, Section 5.

It seemed best, in view of the vacation season to have the affairs of the Foundation continue as before until the fall, President Nash continuing to supervise its work and the Central Trust Company of Illinois to continue as fiscal agent.

On September 26 a meeting was held in Chicago of the trustees of the Foundation with members of the newly elected committee to arrange for the formal transfer of the work and assets to the Education Society. Secretary Burton and Secretary Gates were also present in an advisory capacity.

Resolutions were adopted authorizing the transfer of assets to the Education Society, and also the responsibility for the work under the immediate direction of the new committee. Members of the new committee who were not members of the Board of Trustees of the Foundation were elected as such to fill vacancies, it being thought best to continue the existence of that Board for the present in order that there might be some organization authorized to receive pending legacies or other gifts made in the name of the Foundation.

The Committee on the Foundation was authorized by the directors to complete its own organization and elect officers. As the attendance at this meeting was not large it was thought best to postpone this until a subsequent meeting to be held in the near future. A committee was also appointed to take immediate steps toward securing a secretary. This secretary will ordinarily be elected at the biennial meeting of the Society held in connection with the National Council. In view of the fact that such election could not be made at Omaha it was referred with power to the Board of Directors. In order that there might be no unnecessary delay the directors at their meeting in June authorized the Administrative Committee of the Education Society to fix the terms and make the elec-

on in case the committee can make a satisfactory nomination before another meeting of the Board. Meanwhile, to provide for the immediate handling of details in the office, the committee has requested Dr. Robert W. Gammon, Associate Secretary of the Education Society, to supervise the work of the Foundation office in Chicago, in consultation with President Nash or Mr. John R. Montgomery, who was appointed temporary chairman of the committee.

The points which it is important to note are as follows:

First. The official transfer of general responsibility and of assets to the Education Society has been effected.

Second. The immediate responsibility for the details of the work rests with the Committee on the Foundation for Education.

Third. The recommendations of this committee

with reference to general policies and budget will be reviewed by the Board of Directors or its authorized Administrative and Finance Committees.

Fourth. The search for the best possible man to lead this work is being actively prosecuted and the way is clear for immediate election whenever the man is found.

Fifth. Correspondence with reference to the Foundation work should be addressed until further notice to Dr. Robert W. Gammon, 19 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

Sixth. Apportionment gifts for the Foundation will be paid to the Congregational Education Society to be used for this work.

Seventh. Legacies or special gifts for the Foundation should now be made to Congregational Education Society (the corporate name) and designated as for the work of the Foundation for Education.



Dreamed a New Name

By Professor I. L. LOWE, Siloam Springs, Arkansas

ARUNASALEM was one of my pupils in the Vatticoppa English High School in Jaffna, Ceylon. He became much interested in the study of the Bible, and presently an earnest believer. His parents, both heathen worshipers, naturally became alarmed and offered opposition. They took Arunasalem out of school, put him under the instruction of a *Gooroo*, a Hindu priest, and sought by all means to bring him back to their own faith—his mother even discarding her jewels, sitting in ashes and mourning her son as dead.

Under this pressure Arunasalem renounced his Christian faith, once more rubbed on his forehead the sacred ashes—made from burning dry cow chips—went to the temple of Siva, and there, prostrate before the idol, prayed, "O Siva, if thou art the true God, give me light and peace." All was in vain. Then, returning, he prayed to Christ and found the light for which he sought.

His parents then prepared to administer a poison to affect his mind, which would leave him demented, but which, as they thought, would save him from the disgrace of apostasy from their own religion.



Invitation to Tougaloo College

CONGREGATIONALISTS and their friends who visit the Gulf Coast this coming season are cordially invited to "stop by" for a visit to Tougaloo College, their A. M. A. school for the advanced training of colored youth in Mississippi. It lies seven miles north of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, on the main line of the Illinois Central

Arunasalem learning this, escaped from home and came to the mission station. Having stood the test of discipleship—loss of all things: home, wealth, friends, for Christ's sake—he was received into church fellowship. According to custom there, a candidate for baptism is given a new name in place of the old name usually associated with heathenism. Arunasalem desired to take the name of his teacher from whom he had learned the way of truth. But in the night preceding the Sunday when baptism was to be administered, Arunasalem had a dream—a vision of a venerable man who came to him and said, "Arunasalem, this is a very important step you are about to take. You are the first of your family to become a Christian and you are to be known especially as a Christian. Then, like Paul, you have been a persecutor, but now are to become a preacher of the Gospel and must bear his name. For a third name you may take that of your teacher." Thus the new dreamed-out name became Paul Lowe Christian, and for many years Paul Christian lived to preach and teach the gospel of Christ, and to honor the name so strangely revealed to him.



railroad, and is also near the Florida-Midwest Highway, which passes the railroad station of Tougaloo. If "down that-a-way," watch for the iron gate, westward of highway and railroad, reading "Tougaloo College A. M. A." Motor about half a mile to the west, and be sure of a welcome.

WILLIAM T. HOLMES, *President.*

A. M. A. Contribution to Christian Leadership in China

REV. Y. S. TOM, on the staff of the Union Theological Seminary in Canton, China, and pastor of one of the large self-supporting city churches of Canton, grew up in the Berkeley Mission of the American Missionary Association, going through high school, college and Pacific School of Religion, and afterward taking a year of post-graduate study in the University of Chicago. During all the years of his residence at the Chinese Mission in Berkeley, he was earnest and faithful as pupil and teacher, and his influence and leadership will long be remembered. It is evident that he is becoming one of the strong leaders of the Church of Christ in China. The American Missionary Association "points with pride," and with thanksgiving to God, to the contribution of consecrated personality which it has been able to make to the leadership of the Christian church in China and in Japan.

Recently, Mr. Tom made an address at the occasion of the formal transfer of the work of the New Zealand Presbyterian Mission to the Kwangtung Synod of the Church of Christ in China. Answering questions concerning the Church of Christ in China, he said, "Its peculiar characteristics are that it brings together into a unity the best inheritance of several churches. There are the Presbyterians with their talent for efficient organization, the United Brethren with their liberal cooperative spirit, the Congregationalists with their local autonomy, and the self-supporting churches with their spirit of independence."

He defined this Church of Christ in China as a body of believers united through the spirit of Jesus Christ in one organic whole for developing the fourfold fundamental principles of local autonomy, efficient organization, liberal cooperation and sturdy independence. The problems that confront this church he stated as: 1. To make the church a living reality. 2. To press forward with a

united front. Current opposition is not only fighting against the church as a whole, but is also trying to destroy it by division. 3. To make its service more efficient and more devoted. 4. To be fully prepared with spiritual insight and power so as to be able to stand and press forward.

Mr. Tom indicated that the ceremony of transfer did not mean that the mission was going to give up responsibility of work. It did not mean that the mission had completed its work and was now turning over things to the Chinese with a view to going home. It did not mean that the mission, by turning over this particular piece of work, would in the future have nothing more to do with it, taking up some other work by itself. It did not mean non-cooperation. It was not a case of taking back, as if the mission had taken away the prerogative of the church, and now the church was taking it back again. It did not mean that the church was so self-sufficient that it no longer needed the help of the mission.

On the other hand, the transfer meant the promotion of the church consciousness. It should make the Chinese Christians realize that the Christian work hitherto carried on under the direction of the mission is really their concern. It means stimulation of the sense of responsibility in the church members. It means that the church will take a prominent place in the life of Chinese society. It will begin a new epoch for the church in China. It is a recognition that, while the day of the mission as a mission is ended, its work is not ended.

The recent conference in Shanghai for the nation-wide organization of this Church of Christ in China emphasizes the leadership of Mr. Tom and other Chinese Christians trained in America. Dr. Fong Fou sec, who also received his early Christian training in an A. M. A. mission, has been a leader in union movements.



"A Grand and Glorious Feeling"

By Assistant Superintendent JAMES F. WALKER, of Colorado

"OH boy! What a grand and glorious feeling." A succession of long-standing, perplexing, obstinate problems solved in a dozen different directions and at this writing all of them going fine. There is a variety of them. They include city problems and country problems, mountain problems and plains problems, financial problems and dogmatic creedal problems. There are

problems that have had to be considered prayerfully and tactfully; problems that, after having been approached from seemingly every possible human angle, persisted in being impossible of solution; problems where your best efforts have been misinterpreted and misapplied; problems that have caused sleepless nights and sickening heartache that have almost made you wish that some of the

er, saintly, pious, administrative church officials
re—well, speaking most kindly—that they were
els.



THE HOME OF A WYOMING SHEEP HERDER

How interesting it would be to make a list of all
qualifications that different churches in a state
not to mention the demands of the individual
members of these churches—expect in a minister.
I have met pulpits committees that, in extolling the
intelligence of their church, demanded little less
in the eloquence of a Beecher, the diction of a
Lis, the force of a Cadman, the spirituality of a
Person and the evangelism of a Moody; and then
erred to raise on the budget the munificent
amount of nine hundred dollars. Out of that nine
hundred dollars, they expected the minister to buy
own gas and pay for the missing parts of his
rd car.

On the other hand, I have met with committees
t deprecated intelligence and were willing to
a man who would murder the King's English,
d who invited his congregation to pray in these
rds, "Let us provoke God's blessing on the meet-
." He was all right if he used plenty of pious
raseology. The committee—I am thankful to
not the church as a whole—were satisfied with
s type of a minister because they could get him
ap. It mattered not to them that the minister's



MAIN STREET, BIG PINEY, WYOMING

children were objects of charity and wore "hand
out" clothes. Some of these church officials said
the minister was lazy; that he ought to be willing
to do a little manual labor during the week to help
out the family budget.

From this type of a field to the finest and best
organized churches where wealth abounds, the dis-
tracting problems would automatically adjust them-
selves "if you will only send us just the right man."
I have heard that term so much and so often that
a sort of imaginary, supertype of human creation
dances in ethereal space before my distracted vision
day and night.

If I should ever be elevated to such sublime
heights of wordly glory as was Belshazzar, and the
Lord God wanted to strike terror to my mortal
soul and freeze me to the spot, he would not write
upon the screen "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin," but
the mystical finger would lave itself in liquid ra-
dium and write upon the wall the words, "*Just
The Right Man.*" Then I would have all the



TRAVELING THROUGH MILES OF MUD

pulpit committees of all the Congregational churches
sit exposed to those scintillating radiations until
their understandings were illuminated to the point
where they would never again demand of any super-
intendent that thing which God never combined in
any one personality, namely, "just the right man."

After sharing in the experience of churches to
the extent that you have walked with them through
the valley of the shadow of death, and have been
obliged to leave one of them in the shadow, and
then to lift up your eyes to a cloudless sky, truly,
"it's a grand and glorious feeling." If you are a
superintendent, let your eyes feast upon the vision
and your soul delight itself in the sublime consum-
mation, for tomorrow's mail will bring you fresh
problems and keep you humble.

Here is just a little summary of some of the
things that have engaged our attention in the

Rocky Mountain district since the first of the year. We have gone with five churches into the valley of the shadow, and one of the five, as before suggested, did not emerge, but the other four have had a new birth, and under new leadership are enjoying a new lease of life. A new church has also been organized, so the original number is still the same.

Twelve fields, including fifteen churches, have been provided with new pastors. In some instances this represents the consummation of two years of anxious effort. Doctrinal and theological differences have been minimized and tolerance has taken the place of discord. In one instance the membership had been reduced by removals and death till it was dangerously near to the zero point. Despair had taken hold upon them, and then they had an ingathering of forty new members, mostly young people who came to them through the avenue of the Sunday School. There is a case of a mining camp that, after a lapse of thirty years,

but nearly four hundred miles apart. One included a county seat town, in a county without a railroad and when I was there there was not a minister



TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED HEAD OF SHEEP

the county. During the seventeen days I visited fourteen different points, six of them organized churches, and all of them without pastors. I preached eight times, gave three addresses and held eleven group conferences. I traveled sixteen hundred and fifty miles by Ford and three hundred and eleven by train. I "sold" to these fields two permanent ministers and one student pastor. I also supplied one church a couple of Sundays. It had called a pastor, but he had not yet begun his work. All of this work was made possible by the generous financial assistance of our Home Missionary Society.

The auto trip covered a most severe storm period in which three lives were lost and thousands of sheep and cattle perished. I passed one "sheep outfit" where the owner felt himself very fortunate to have lost only two hundred ewes. I had to face storm and wind, snow and mud. Some of the time it seemed as though the violence of the storm would tear the top from the new missionary Field. That I was rejoicing in, but I came through in good shape, and again let me say, "It's a grand and glorious feeling."



“RICO CHURCH AND COURT HOUSE.”



A MERCANTILE ESTABLISHMENT

has "come back." The church building has been given a new roof and a new interior, and will soon smile at the world with a fresh coat of paint on the outside. I recently taught a Bible class of over thirty members in that Sunday School, twice as many as could be gotten to church two years ago. Here, again, hope is revived and a new aggressive movement is launched.

There are several cases where strategic city churches have been greatly strengthened, but that which affords even greater joy is the neglected fields that have been cared for. Here is a record of seventeen days' work, most of the time spent in travel in connection with two fields that ought to be organized into Larger Parishes, but for lack of adequate finances thus far it has been impossible. There are four organized Congregational churches and at least six additional points that need spiritual ministrations. The two fields are in the same state,

Heartened by His Annuity

By AN ANNUITANT

THE one colossal disappointment of my good father, in a lifetime of disappointments, was his breakdown when a student, starting out study for the ministry. Our family was very poor, sometimes almost desperately so, but maintained so much of Christian virility and self-respect that I never as a small boy suspected our poverty until some one made mention of it—which I resented.

I was left absolutely to choose my profession. My father and mother never once mentioned it, until after my conversion at sixteen. My mother one day asked me what I intended to do. I answered without hesitation, and I can never forget the light that shone out of her face when she received it. I worked hard, but never to the point of breakdown as did my father. I had help from good friends now and then, in small sums, and twenty-five dollars a year from the Education Society for seven years—a sum which I have since paid back, not including interest through the long years. After settling in my first charge my father loaned me the sum of three hundred dollars in respect of my marriage. He had by that time been obliged to retire from any regular business, and this sum was almost his last dollar.

When I entered this service I had no other financial ambition but to pay my debts, maintain a decent home, and trust in God for the future. The fact that the ministry was not a paying or money-making profession never gave me pause—hardly even any thought. I repaid my debt to my father at the rate of thirty dollars a quarter, continuing these

payments for thirty solid years as a debt of gratitude so long as my father and mother lived.

Of course, I could not lay up money for old age under such conditions as I have outlined. I did manage to carry along a twenty-year endowment policy of \$1,000, begun when I was a theologian. After it matured I loaned it to my oldest son for post-graduate studies. When he returned it I invested it in New Haven common stock at a high level and lost heavily on it.

Since retirement, which was urged for health reasons, I confess to some hard struggles not to feel that I have suffered a kind of systematic robbery. All our life we have denied ourselves luxuries which most people in the churches I have served have enjoyed as their common lot in life. They have not intended it so, but neither have most of them intended it to be otherwise. They love us. We love them. We receive "ovations" from them on our returns, which are infrequent. Some of the choicest friends we have in the world are among these people. It is the system, and the system is cruel.

The annuity plan was rightly an awakening of conscience. My appreciation of this annuity is deep and strong. I am grateful to those who really denied themselves to the quick to do this. I am glad for my denomination as a whole, that they are doing this thing for the retrieving of justice and a Christian self-respect. It warms my heart that I have something now coming to meet recurring necessities. I am glad. I am thankful. I am at peace.



The Song of Peace

By FANNIE ROBBINS SCHMITT

THE note of peace, which has been sounding here and there since the last devastating war, has been growing into measure after measure a stirring refrain, until now it has reached the proportions of a swelling, insistent song that cannot and will not be stilled. It is being sounded forth from thinking individuals and from powerful organizations in tones which will penetrate cities, towns, hamlets and countrysides.

This call to peace is to become more gripping than was the call to arms. And what is better and more significant still—it will be vastly more welcome. Instead of partings, tears and death, it will

bring a feeling of security and contentment and a wave of good will that will have a momentum so great that it will sweep over not only our own beloved United States, but country after country, banishing the last vestige of the hatred and savagery that all races of the earth have been fostering century after century.

Not far distant is the time when all peoples will come to realize that human hearts have always been speaking the same language although their tongues gave forth sounds strange to one another.

Women are always interested in whatever affects their men-folks. They fought for prohibition, not

because many of their own sex used liquor, but because they wanted sober men in their homes. Now they are fighting for peace; and one weighty reason is that they do not care to go down into the valley of death to give birth to sons destined to be fodder for cannons, bombs, machine guns and poison gas. For this and for many other reasons and because they believe in the brotherhood of man, women are studying and working for peace.

The same burning zeal that filled them in their fight for prohibition, should now support this movement against war. Wise study combined with enthusiasm should bring definite results not only in the communities where they live but along the highroad that leads to international good will.

There is no lack of material for those who are ready to begin their study. There are many articles in the magazines today written by well-balanced, far-seeing, thinking men and they are saying many sane, logical things concerning this matter of outlawing war. As an illustration: nearly two years ago there was an editorial in *The Christian Century* entitled, "We Want No Goose-Step in America." It was written at the time that Defense Day was forced upon us on July Fourth when we were supposed to be celebrating independence and peace. One writer says, "War is an old man's folly; the philosophy of yesterday." Senator William Borah, writing on "The Fetish of Force," says: "Faith in our cause will carry us far toward permanent peace. . . . What the world needs now is an example, a manifestation upon the part of some great power that it is really willing to do that which it professes it wants to have done. We are in a position where we need not wait, so far as this particular matter is concerned, upon codes or treaties. We can lead out, and by precept and example magnificently contribute to the cause of peace."

The best study-book for women's organizations is, "On Earth Peace." When it first appeared *The Christian Century* had this to say of it: "The best document so far made available for general use by church groups alive to their responsibility on the peace issue is the booklet edited by Rhoda McCulloch and Margaret Burton, those burning and shining editorial lights of the Young Women's Christian Association. It is called, 'On Earth Peace' and it contains six chapters for study classes. The first chapter treats of Christian missions and world peace; the second, inter-racial cooperation and world peace; the third, the causes of war; the fourth, the cure for war; the fifth, the Christian way of life; the sixth, programs and suggestions for active service. The booklet does not pretend to say all that there is to be said on the question of international peace. It does not say some things that we wish it might have said. But it is by far and away the best thing of its kind so far produced. No church group can take it up seriously without gaining a vital knowledge of the issue now confronting mankind. If the women of the Protestant churches get behind a study course of this kind there will be a new access of energy in the movement toward peace. We hope they push it hard."

Special books and leaflets for study may be obtained from the Federal Council of Churches whose headquarters are in New York City.

If *The Literary Digest* took a straw vote among the women of this country, as to whether they prefer peace or war, we feel sure that the result would be overwhelmingly in favor of peace. Even if "Gentlemen Prefer War"—which we do not believe—as a writer in *Harper's* for January seems to think, we know that women do not.

The women of our churches are ready to add their voices to the great song of peace until the ringing chorus fills the world.



The Inter-racial Commission

THIS organization, with headquarters in Atlanta, has for its secretaries Dr. W. W. Alexander and Dr. George E. Haynes, who is also secretary of the Federal Council's Commission on Race Relations and a member of the Administrative Committee of the American Missionary Association. The budget of the Association for the coming year carries \$1,110 toward the work of this Commission.

Recently, the annual meeting of the Commission was held in Atlanta, and Professor Earl Eubank,

of the University of Cincinnati, makes the following report:

"This conference seemed entirely free from race consciousness more than any other inter-racial conference I have ever attended. I have never been in a mixed group where the feeling of whiteness and blackness seemed so absent. I noted particularly the absence of effort on both sides 'to spare' or 'to be nice' to each other. I was struck with the soundness of the fundamental organization. Evidently the work of the Commission in the last

analysis depends upon what is done in the local community. Many conferences I have attended that have been primarily discussions of inter-racial abstractions. I am much impressed with the fact that so many of your groups are engaged in common tasks.

"I noted especially the following points: One hundred colleges in the South are reported to be giving some course dealing with the Negro. Ten conferences for older Negro boys were reported to be in operation in the South. The demand for working girls' homes for Negro domestics was brought out, this due to the impossibility of living with self-respect upon white premises or with white

families. The demand for playgrounds and recreation for the Negro as well as for the white.

"Some of the notes that were struck during the conference of especial significance are as follows: Insistence upon the importance of research within this field. This I hope will continue apace, for prescription should only follow diagnosis. Repeatedly the function of the Commission was made clear as a vitalizing organization. Direct action was not conceived of as a part of the function. I especially approve the plan of the Commission to hold conferences of college and university faculty men in each state."

The Northfield Conference

By EUNICE B. SHAW

The writer of this article is a daughter of Rev. E. S. Shaw, who has given the greater part of his life to a difficult type of missionary work. When the Dakotas were in the making Mr. Shaw went into a number of new towns on the engine of the first train to make the trip. At these points he gathered the people together and sounded the first note for civic righteousness. Mrs. Shaw also contributed time and strength and the music of a beautiful voice to the Christian work in these new parishes. Her children knew the full meaning of life in a pioneer parsonage—sometimes the basement of a new building hurriedly put together and used as a church. Miss Shaw, a student in the School of Religious Education at Boston University, is in training for a work for which her early experience and environment eminently fit her.—EDITOR.

"God speaks to us at Northfield
By the glory of his sky.
By the sun and moon and starlight,
By the river running by.
By the grandeur of the mountains
Which encircle like his love,
And for all these wondrous voices
We give thanks to him above.

"God speaks to us at Northfield
Through the love of kindred souls.
Through his children who have gathered
From the earth's remotest poles.
Through the heralds of his kingdom,
As he's touched them with his power
And for all their wondrous messages
We thank our God this hour."

TWO months have passed since I sat in the auditorium at Northfield and listened to Mrs. Merrill singing the two prize-winning songs, one of which appears in this article. How glorious to be able truly to express that spirit of physical and spiritual unity which pleasantly haunts the campus! Yet that is only one of the hundreds of impressions which persist through other conferences and other activities of the summer.

Come and let me show you some of these pictures—fleeting and sketchy to be sure, but indicative of the happy mixture of fun, fellowship and information.

To be a part of Camp Kayopha, as I was, insures one a good time. Seventy girls plus the councilors make a happy family, especially when living in tents. It gave us a chance to put into practice our theoretical ideas of Christian living, and the experiment proved remarkably successful.

Let us go to the grove behind the tents for morning watch with "Mother" Wallace. Solitary devotion is, of course, a wonderfully helpful discipline, but when eighty young people are think-

ing and praying together with one heart and one mind, a power is developed which can mould the lines of life throughout the day, the week, perhaps even the whole lifetime.

Wednesday afternoon finds us again in the grove, but this time we have the pleasure of including the women of the denomination as well as the young people. A rather unique representation of summer student workers was present. Miss Olive Pearson, who has been assistant to Dr. Bloom in that work; Priscilla Chase, also a worker under the Congregational Church Extension Boards; Anna McGee of Oklahoma, Mildred Senecal, student at Middlebury College and student worker in Georgia in 1926; Eunice Shaw of Boston University School of Religious Education and student worker in Minnesota, 1925. After brief talks, we were most happily surprised by the introduction of Miss Muriel Wood of Shanghai, China. Miss Wood has been a teacher in Bridgeman Academy for five years and returns this fall for another term of service. Her delightful account of the Chinese girls only re-emphasized what seemed to be

the dominating spirit of the conference—not home missions, not foreign missions, but rather “united we stand, divided we fall.”

close the first four candle-bearers came up the slope of Roundtop and lighted the candles of others at the top of the hill. Then each girl in the audience



A FAMILIAR SCENE AT EAST NORTHFIELD

Saturday night was stunt and party night, and what a good time everyone had! Each year one of the camps conducts a serenade. This time it was Camp Kayopha. Marching four abreast, the girls held their lighted lanterns aloft and as the various camps were approached, sang songs in their honor. The procession ended at Gould Hall parlors, where an hour of stunts, songs and games was participated in by young and old. Ice cream cones were furnished by one of the good friends of the girls and by twelve o'clock no one would have known that anything but peace and solemnity had ever reigned.

Northfield without Roundtop is unimaginable. As one of the girls in my group expressed it: “It isn’t just the things that are said there, it’s the spirit.” To sing “Day is Dying in the West,” in the presence of a Northfield sunset is to find new meaning to an old hymn. And there in the open, a greater freedom and a more sincere frankness seemed possible; dreams more real; ambitions more possible of achievement; spiritual insight more keen. Some of the days were rainy, but instead of a drawback to our activities, these proved a real advantage, for Sage Chapel gathered new meanings which, with continual fair weather, would have been missed.

The pageant which was presented one evening was a most impressive ceremony. It was in the nature of a candle-lighting service. Faith, Hope, Love, Sympathy lighted their candles from the large one representing The Light of the World. Races and nations were represented and at the

was provided with a light and down over the hillside they went singing “Follow the Gleam.” To the uttermost ends of the earth they will go, and if we could actually know to what distances the members of that group are destined to travel, it would doubtless appear that this symbolic service was a true forecast of future events.

Faculty and speakers at the Conference showed that the executive committee had spent long and fruitful hours in preparing the program. Dr. Barbour, there for the first time, was especially beloved by young and old. The camp girls were surely given a very lasting vision of our world task through Miss Burton’s book, “New Paths for Old Purposes,” discussed by Mrs. Dan Brummitt.

As I write, scene after scene comes to my mind. To one who was not familiar with New England scenery, it was particularly attractive. Even though it was my good fortune to attend the two succeeding conferences, I cannot forget the grip which the Home Missions Conference had on me. Perhaps that is because first impressions are usually lasting ones.

Because our most able chairman, Mrs. Charles E. Blake, was re-elected for next year, we are assured that Home Mission Week will be as valuable next year as this. Those of us who have attended will therefore, of course, be back again. And those who read, but were not there, will have ample time to prepare to come and thus to learn through personal experience, what it means to have upon you the “spell of Northfield.”

The Congregational Project Series

By JOHN LESLIE LOBINGIER

Secretary Missionary Education, Congregational Education Society

THE leaflets of the "Congregational Project Series" are not for promiscuous distribution. There are at least two groups of people to whom these leaflets are *not* recommended: those who expect to get a thrill out of every pamphlet, as they would from a short story with its plot and tense moments and climax, and those whose only interest in their local church or state projects is that they may raise sufficient funds to pay for them.

These leaflets are intended for quite a different purpose. Their purpose is not inspirational. It is to give practical and ready help to one who is trying to build an educational program of activities, instruction, and so forth, in the field of certain specific projects.

The major part of our cooperative Congregational work has been distributed among the states and in many cases among the churches. Under this new plan, therefore, each of us feels a peculiar responsibility for certain particular tasks; some of these are on the other side of the world, some are in other sections of our country, and some are in our own state.

The churches of Illinois, for example, have accepted a responsibility for the Glory Kindergarten in Kobe, Japan. It is one of their projects. Let us assume that a young peoples' group in an Illinois church plans to make a study and to give an adequate presentation of this particular enterprise for which some of their contributions are to be used. They are earnest and serious-minded. They want to know something of the Glory Kindergarten itself and also something of the customs and home life of Japanese children. They would like to dramatize some Japanese episode; to read some suitable stories; to undertake some appropriate service activity. But how shall they begin? The eight-page leaflet, "If Your Project is in Japan," tells of available books, stories, courses, dramatizations; it makes suggestions for programs, exhibits, correspondence, service; it tells the leader who wants to work out an educational program what helps are available.

Here again is a church that has accepted as one of its projects some Christian enterprise in the mountains of the South. The Women's Association in this church does not want to give blindly; they want to give understandingly. The committee on program is anxious to make the meetings interesting and worth while, but its members are un-

certain how to proceed. If they had in their hands the little six-page leaflet, "If Your Project is in the Mountains of the South," they would find in it lists of suitable books, pamphlets, and articles; suggestions for programs and for church-wide exhibits; lists of appropriate dramatizations, stories and pictures; suggestions about correspondence and service activities; and other equally important items. Again it ought to be said, this is not an inspirational leaflet; it is a guide to the program builder.

Examples might be multiplied, carrying us into every phase of cooperative Congregational work.

The World Service leaders in the Church Schools will also find help in some of these leaflets—that is, the leaders with initiative and originality. They will here find suggestions whereby they may supplement the World Service material which they receive from time to time, and in so doing link their World Service activities with the new denominational project plan. For there is no conflict between the two. One does not have to choose between the World Service plan and the denominational project plan, as some have supposed, nor reject one because of the other. The World Service plan makes it easy for a Congregational Church School to carry on an educational program while it has a significant part in the projects of its own church or state.

Consider, for example, the General World Service material for the fall of 1927, "The Adventuring Church Around the World." When a school uses this material the most logical cause to which it may make its gifts will be one of its own projects in other lands—Japan, China, India, and so forth. When the General material appears relating to the work of the home Boards or to state work this principle will be equally true.

Consider also the new graded material, "Programs of World Service for Juniors" and "Programs of World Service for Primary Children." In using any of the course-units of either of these booklets it will be easy to select a suitable cause from among the projects of the local church or state definitely related to the content of that course-unit. In such a case the children's giving will be for a specific cause; that cause will be a part of their educational program: and they will be assisting with their local church or state projects.

Whether the World Service programs are for

adults, for young people, or for children, leaders will find help in the appropriate leaflets of the "Congregational Project Series," prepared under the direction of the Committee on Missionary Education. These may be secured from one of the offices of the Commission on Missions: 287 Fourth Avenue, New York; 14 Beacon Street, Boston; or 19 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

The series will contain the following leaflets, those starred being now available:

*"If Your Project is on Church Building."

*"If Your Project is in the Mountains of the South."

*"If Your Project is among Spanish-speaking People."

*"If Your Project is among Orientals in the United States."

*"If Your Project is with Foreign-speaking People in the United States."

*"If Your Project is among the American Indians."

*"If Your Project is among the Negroes."

*"If Your Project is the Veteran or Children of The Manse."

*"If Your Project is Student Summer Service or Extension Service."

*"If Your Project is in Religious Education."

*"If Your Project is on Social Relations."

*"If Your Project is on College and Student Work."

*"If Your Project is among Farm and Cannery Migrants."

*"If Your Project is Rural."

"If Yours is a State Project."

*"If Your Project is in China."

*"If Your Project is in Japan."

*"If Your Project is in Africa."

*"If Your Project is in India."

"If Your Project is in Turkey."

"If Your Project is in the Philippines and Micronesia."

"If Your Project is in Mexico."

"If Your Project is in Spain."

"If Your Project is in Greece and Bulgaria."

"If Your Project is in Czechoslovakia."



A Supreme Court Decision on Hawaii

THE recent decision of the United States Supreme Court sustaining the injunction against enforcing the foreign language school act of the Hawaiian legislature is of more than passing interest. Under pressure of war psychology Hawaii discovered a few years ago that it had some 160 independent foreign language schools, mostly Japanese, supported by parents for the teaching of the ancestral tongue to their Hawaiian-born children. A rather hysterical movement was started to wipe them out by very drastic legislation. More Christian counsels prevailed, however, and a group of representative Japanese and Americans got together and talked the problem through.

This conference developed the value of these schools to the Orientals whose children would otherwise be deprived of power of written communication with relatives and friends in Asia, but also made clear certain justifiable criticisms as to the conduct of the schools; that the books were from Japan with natural Japanese viewpoints hardly suitable for children growing up as American citizens, and that when the schools met in the morning before the public schools they left the children too tired for their regular school work.

A compromise was therefore suggested by the Japanese members of the group along the following lines. All schools were to be put under the con-

trol of the Territorial Department of Education the text-books were to be rewritten and Americanized, the teachers given courses in American history, democratic government and the English language and the sessions restricted to two days a week in the afternoon. This wise compromise was accepted. Dr. Henry Butler Swartz, a former missionary to Japan, was made supervisor of language schools and the courses for the teachers in such schools set up—taught by university professors and secretaries from the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

Then, unfortunately, extreme and drastic rulings not contemplated in the original agreement created friction and about half of the language schools, those most under Buddhist control, banded together and with the aid of competent American legal talent attacked the constitutionality of the law. This attack the Supreme Court has now upheld in a decision containing these significant sentences:

"The Japanese parent has the right to direct the education of his own child without unreasonable restrictions," and "we of course appreciate the grave problems incident to the large alien population of the Hawaiian Islands . . . but the limitations of the constitution must not be transcended."

In some ways it is unfortunate that the law has proved unconstitutional, for, properly administered,

did promise to standardize the language schools and keep them from being regarded with suspicion. While it was in operation the law effected a very desirable revision and adaptation of the text-books to American conditions and brought to the teachers in these schools considerable knowledge of American history and ideals. On the other hand it seems sure that in any case the language schools are bound to be a decreasing influence. The greatest fear that many of us in Hawaii had concerning them was that they might be galvanized into greater life by the glory of martyrdom. It is quite

certain that even this Supreme Court decision cannot keep them running beyond the present generation, for Japanese youth, like the children of all foreign-born parents, are more at home in English than in the ancestral tongue. Only persecution and a crown of martyrdom could keep the Japanese language schools alive. Patience, tolerance and the splendid constructive work of the very efficient public schools will solve the entire problem if it is not given an artificial stimulation by hysteria and attempts at coercion.—ALBERT W. PALMER in *Race Relations Bulletin*.



Good Educational Promotion

Summer Missionary Education Pointers

EDITORIAL NOTE: *The Iowa State Conference has an energetic and resourceful Educational Director in the person of REV. ROYAL J. MONTGOMERY. The following interesting announcement, sent out by him to the churches of the state, is worth passing on as a suggestion to other leaders.*—H. W. G.

LISTEN! Interesting discovery! Summer spells opportunity for Missionary Education. School is out. Leisure becomes loggy. Please start something. Missions? Fine! When do we start?

How About Some of These in Your Church This

Summer?

Vacation Opportunities with Children

Reading Contests—Conference will give attractive certificate to child reading five missionary books.
Reading Circles—Enlarging circumferences.
Children's song, picture and story hour—A winner.

1. Singing and memorizing of great hymns.
2. Story-telling. a. By adults. b. Contests.
3. Pictures—Prints, slides or motion pictures.
Study Groups—Leisurely jaunts to inspirational altitudes with pioneer souls as guides.
Poster Contests—Plenty of time for original effort.

Summer Christmas Tree—Gifts for children of many lands timed to arrive in December. But take care lest the freight amount to more than the value of the gifts! Money travels cheaply.

Missionary dramatics—Why not prepare an original drama?

Scrap Books—Let them educate hand, head and heart.

Missionary Parties—Setting, costumes and eats to match.

Missionary ambassadors—Commission your tourists to visit and report on mission enterprises at home and abroad.

For the Young People

Adaptations of some of the above.
Reports of conferences and conventions attended.
Travel tours à la stereopticon.
Establish contacts with Summer Student Workers.
Promote "World in———" or "Missionary fair."
Develop plans for fall and winter missionary activities.

For "The Sot in Their Ways"

More Missionary Ambassadors.—Magnetize those tourist Packards and Henriettas so they will be irresistibly drawn toward missionary centers and unable to pass a church on Sunday.

Let the "breezes that blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle" wafted by the pastor's missionary "fan" clear up some of the missionary static in your area. Let's revive the fine art of effective missionary preaching.

Fourthly and finally: Summer is the time when your missionary committee should park themselves by a pitcher of cool lemonade and work out comprehensive plans for next fall and winter.

IOWA LEADS IN MISSIONARY EDUCATION

ROYAL J. MONTGOMERY.

Grinnell, Iowa, June 30, 1927.



The dedication of the new church at Goltry, Oklahoma, July 31, marks an advance in Congregational work in that state. Rev. William M. Dakes, his building committee and the people of

the community are to be congratulated on this wonderful building, beautiful, serviceable, and offering fine facilities for a wide range of church activities, spiritual, educational and social.

Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions

By MARY E. BAMFORD, *Press Secretary*

THIS school held its twenty-first annual Assembly at beautiful Mount Hermon in the Santa Cruz mountains, California, July 6 to 13. The Congregational women on the committee in charge were Mrs. Herman F. Swartz, Mrs. E. R. Wagner and Mrs. George Maynard. The registration this summer numbered two hundred and fifty-three, representing eleven denominations.

We were fortunate in having with us on our faculty two nationally known teachers, Mrs. John Ferguson of New York City, who delivered one evening a lecture on "A Picturesque Journey with our Migrating Group," and who also taught the daily class of young women in "The Story of Missions"; and Mrs. E. H. Silverthorn of New York, president of the Federation of Women's Boards for Foreign Missions, who, in spite of the accident that befell her in California necessitating the use of crutches, yet bravely taught her daily classes.

The daily normal class in "A Straight Way Toward Tomorrow" was taught by Mrs. E. L. McCartney of Uplands, California. Dr. John Stephens of Palo Alto, California, conducted the daily morning Bible study. Prof. Stacy R. Warburton, formerly a missionary in China, taught the daily class in "The Adventure of the Church." As usual, the sunset hour with the missionaries held before the evening lectures was our opportunity for hearing workers, there being missionary

speakers and workers from India, the border of China, Alaska and the Imperial Valley, California migrants.

Dr. Lincoln Wirt, a Congregationalist, who is western Secretary of the National Council for the Prevention of War, gave a beautiful stereopticon lecture one evening in the big tent auditorium entitled, "From the Garden of Eden to the Garden of Gethsemane." Upon another evening Rev. Charles Garth of Willows, California, gave a lecture on his trip to the Holy Land which was also beautifully illustrated.

Upon still another evening Dr. Ng Poon Chew, editor of the Chinese newspaper of San Francisco, *Chung Sai Yet Po*, gave an informing lecture on China. Dr. Chew speaks English fluently. There were valuable and important exhibits of missionary literature. One afternoon the denominations held separate rallies where their own work was specially stressed and missionary workers were heard. On noon there was a fellowship luncheon at the cafeteria with speakers from different denominations.

There was a Daily Vacation Bible School for children at Mount Hermon at which, during missions school week, children heard missionary stories. It is to be hoped that many of those who enjoyed the privileges of this gathering will carry home to their own churches both information and inspiration.

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A Program for Your Teachers' Meeting

By ERWIN L. SHAVER

Secretary Leadership Training, Congregational Education Society

WE hope that the program suggestions which we gave last month under the heading, "Surveying Our Religious Education Needs," have been successfully used or that you have made definite plans for a future conference to take up the theme. This month we offer a second program entitled, "Training for Better Teaching." The reason for this choice is the fact that the trained teacher is the most important part of our total religious education program in the local church.

Every teacher, regardless of natural talents and previous training, *can* make further improvement and, to be true to his or her calling, should seek in one way or another to take training. Hence the appropriateness of taking up this particular theme in your workers' conference. The following sug-

gestions for a program, with the necessary adaptations, should, if carried out, result in an interesting and fruitful meeting. The fruits should be a definite project of a training class, of systematic individual study, or other plan of training.

May we remind you again of the service of the Leadership Training Department of the Education Society and of the inexpensive manuals which were listed last month and which will help you to plan better training conferences.

Training for Better Teaching

Purpose: To find out the various means whereby teachers in the Church School may train themselves for more effective leadership.

Advance Preparation Suggested: From among the suggestions below, make use of those which seem to be most practicable and helpful in get-

ing ready for the discussion of the subject.

—*Assignments* for investigation and report.

1. Ask some public or private school teacher to speak briefly upon the theme: "The Training of Teachers in the Field of General Education."
2. Have a small committee prepare to report upon the various training courses which are available to members of the workers' staff in the local church.
3. Have another committee ready with a report upon the summer training schools and conferences with particular regard to the types of courses offered, expense, and so forth.
4. A report may be made upon the "Training Values of the Teachers' and Officers' Conference." (See reference 6 below.)

—*Reports* upon readings from the following list:

1. Athearn. "Character Building in a Democracy." Chapter IV and pages 66-67, 149, 152-154. Macmillan.
2. Barclay. "Training for Leadership and Teaching." Abingdon Press.
3. Bower. "The Educational Task of the Local Church." Chapter IV. University of Chicago Press.
4. Coe. "A Social Theory of Religious Educa-

tion." See "The Teacher" and "Training of Workers" in index. Scribner.

5. Shaver. "The Project Principle in Religious Education." Chapter X. University of Chicago Press.
6. Shaver. "The Teachers' and Officers' Conference" (Pamphlet). Pilgrim Press.
7. Stout. "Organization and Administration of Religious Education." Chapters VIII and IX. Abingdon Press.
8. Super. "Training a Staff." Association Press.
9. Winchester and Shaver. "The Teaching Church." Chapter IX. Pilgrim Press.
10. Denominational and interdenominational training texts, syllabi, manuals and related literature.

C.—*Special Features*:

1. Persons who have attended training schools or conferences of religious education may be asked to give testimonies.
2. There may be an exhibit of training texts and literature describing training schools and methods.
3. A specialist in the field of leadership training may be asked to speak and open the discussion.

Program Materials for the Meeting

uns:

"Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult."
 "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee."
 "O Jesus, I Have Promised."
 "Take My Life and Let It Be."

ipture:

Matthew 10; 25:14-30; Mark 10:35-45; I Timothy 1:6, 7; II Timothy 2:15.

ayer:

O Thou who hast put within us the spark of divine discontent, help us to catch a clear vision of what we may accomplish if we think with thee and do our best. Make us restless with the spirit of higher and holier adventures in behalf of thy world and thy children. May we stir into flame the gift that thou has placed within us and dedicate our talents upon thine altar.

Our Father, we have had the joy of doing some things with thee and for thee. We would increase that joy and do more and better things in the days and years to come. As we think of our teaching privileges and responsibilities we are thankful for past fruits but anxious for the future harvest. Therefore we would perfect ourselves for the problems of today and tomorrow as we seek to bring to those in our care the knowledge of the true way of life.

May we so value our calling as teachers in the school of the church that no sacrifice will appear so great as to keep us from improving our skill to the uttermost. May we take unto ourselves the old counsel and "study to show ourselves approved unto God, workmen that need not to be ashamed, but rightly divide the word of truth." Grant that we may leave no stone unturned to make ourselves more efficient. By reading and study, by observing others

and being observed, by trial and error, by counseling together and by private reflection—in whatsoever way seems best or helps even a little—may we press forward to make of ourselves better ministers of the Master. Amen.

Material for Discussion:

In addition to the reports and readings prepared in advance of the meeting and for the purpose of bringing out points pertinent to the subject, questions from the following list may be employed.

Questions for Discussion:

1. Should we expect volunteer Church School teachers to take training in the methods of their task?
2. In general what are the various means whereby training may be taken? Which is best adapted to local conditions? (See reports 2 and 3.)
3. What criticisms, if any, have you of the present training courses?
4. How would you remedy any defects in them?
5. Of what value is the teachers' and officers' conference as a training agency? (See report 4.)
6. Is there any person responsible for, and attending to, the supervision of teaching in your school? What results come from this?
7. What plans does your church have for recruiting and training new leaders? Are these adequate?
8. What help does your denominational Board offer in training for leadership? Have you availed yourself of these helps?
9. What other programs of leadership training service are available?
10. What training program would you suggest as adequate for your church at the present time?

Possible Outcomes of the Meeting

1. The inauguration of a program for the best possible use of the teachers' and officers' conference during the year to make it yield educational results.
2. A class for younger people who are looking forward to teaching in the Church School.
3. A training class for those now in service in the local church.
4. An interdenominational training school for the community.
5. Plans for sending delegates to summer schools and conferences.
6. Provision for a supervisor to give sympathetic help to the teachers.

* *

From Fire Station to Church School Building

By STELLA M. JORDAN

Traveling Field Secretary, Congregational Education Society

"WHERE there is no vision the people cast off restraint." Thus said the writer of the Book of Proverbs. Where there is no vision the church fails to provide an adequate program of religious education for its boys and girls.

The pastor and leaders of the Minnequa Congregational Church of Pueblo, Colorado, had caught the vision of a real program of religious education. Of course the church boasted of a Sunday School, but what they saw in their vision was a Church School with trained teachers, or, perhaps, teachers in training, a graded curriculum and more adequate equipment.

As it is true that where there is no vision the people fail to assume responsibility, so also is it true that where there is a vision the people take steps to realize the idea. First, however, there must be an evaluation of the real which is close at hand.

Yes, the Minnequa Congregational Church, of course, maintained a Sunday School. There were classes; there were teachers; there were lesson materials; but there was no real education of boys and girls.

Realizing that the way to train teachers is to train them, some of the teachers were enrolled in the Community Training School; others were sent to Geneva Glen Summer School of Religious Education under the direction of the International Council. Scholarships were provided for two or three and the expenses of the others were met by the church. Sales and programs provided the much needed money for the financing of the delegates. The only way to train teachers is to train them. The Minnequa Church found the way and walked in it.

For inferior courses of study there was substituted a graded curriculum, the Abingdon Week Day Texts—bound books in the hands of the

pupils instead of quarterlies and leaflets. Such curriculum is too expensive for the average school you say? Not so the pastor of the Minnequa Church! His statement is that, while the first cost is great, in the long run the cost is less than when the usual quarterlies are used. At the beginning of the school year when the pupil is given his text book he deposits fifty cents, which amount is refunded when he returns the book. This method insures careful use of the book and makes possible its continuous use as in the public schools.

It is possible to train untrained teachers, to substitute a standard for an inferior course of study but how make inadequate equipment adequate? Even this the Minnequa Church was able to do in a small way. How to provide separate class rooms and spaces was the serious problem. A small frame building with a basement afforded little opportunity for the development of a school, but "where there's a will there's a way," is as true in the field of religious education as in any other field, and the way was found.

A nearby fire station unused for its original purpose proved to be the way. The basement of the church housed the Beginners' and Primary Departments, the fire station housed the Junior Department and space in the rear of the auditorium was curtained off, thus providing spaces for high school and older young people.

All was smooth sailing for a while. But the fire station was the property of the church on Sunday only. Saturday night dances held in the station produced a change. Disorder and chaos resulted on Sunday mornings. The building was, therefore, no longer satisfactory for Church School use.

But the people's vision remained. The minister had been the first seer and he still saw. The parsonage was opened to some classes; space in the church building was reassigned; and the Minnequa Congregational Church School is still a school, in fact as well as in name.

Program Topic—The Adventure of the Church

Chapter III: Enlarging Horizons

Hymn: "O Zion, haste."

Prayer: For open minds and hearts during the period of study; for an enlarged conception of the missionary spirit and enterprise.

Hymn: "Ye Christian Herald."

Scripture: I Thess. 2:1-8.

Topics for four-minute talks:

Paul as a Missionary.

The Spread of Christianity into England and northern Europe.

The Crusaders.

Guilds of the Middle Ages.

Brief talks or papers on outstanding missionary figures: St. Francis of Assisi; Count Zinzendorf; John Wesley.

Discussion: What have been, throughout all the past, the principal motives of missionary activity? What are the missionary motives, today, in our own society? In our church? In our denomination?

Closing Prayer.

Hymn: "Fling out the Banner."



A Fathers' and Sons' Service

The following service was prepared by DR. STANLEY ROSS FISHER, pastor of Wellesley Congregational Church, Wellesley, Massachusetts, and used at an evening service in recognition of the work done by the men of the church for the boys and young men of the parish. After a brief devotional service the program proceeded according to the following outline.—EDITOR.

Responsive Service—Minister and People

Hymn Prelude: "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus" (followed by the singing of first stanza only. Standing).

Minister: Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross;

People: Lift high his royal banner, it must not suffer loss;

Minister: From victory unto victory his army shall he lead.

People: Till every foe is vanquished, and Christ is Lord indeed."

Minister: Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

People: For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

Minister: Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart.

People: They that wait on the Lord, shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

Hymn: (Second stanza)

Minister: "Stand up, stand up for Jesus, the trumpet call obey;

People: Forth to the mighty conflict, in this his glorious day;

Minister: Ye that are men, now serve him against unnumbered foes;

People: Let courage rise with danger, and strength to strength oppose."

Read the Right Kind of American Boy (By the Leader).

Minister: What we have a right to expect from the American boy,

People: is that he shall turn out to be a good American man.

Minister: Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy.

People: He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig.

Minister: He must work hard and play hard.

People: He must be clean-minded and clean-lived and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers.

Minister: It is only on these conditions that he will grow to be the kind of man of whom America can really be proud.

People: In life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is:

Minister: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Hymn: "How Firm a Foundation" (Roosevelt's Favorite Hymn).

Minister: How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!

People: 's laid for your faith in his excellent word!

Minister: What more can he say, than to you he hath said—

People: "To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?"

Minister: Prayer: (All unite reverently)

People: Heavenly Father, thou knowest that I desire to do my

whole duty now and always. Give me an open mind to hear thy call and a willing heart to respond. May I be able through thee both to do and to dare. Keep me from faltering or turning aside from any task thou hast given me. May I be strong, having on the whole armor of God, and on every battlefield may I acquit myself like a true soldier of the Cross. Amen.

Hymn:

"Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dismayed,

For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;

I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,

Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand. Amen."

Minister: Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

People: Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.

Minister: When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn. If thou hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, the Lord thy God will set thee on high. Let us salute the flag of our country and the flag of the church.

Salute to the American Flag: (All)

I pledge allegiance to my flag of the United States

And to the republic for which it stands;

One nation, indivisible,

With liberty and justice for all.

The National Hymn:

"My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,

Of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, Land of the

pilgrims' pride, From every mountain side let freedom ring."

Salute to the Church Flag: (All)

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the Christian church

And to the religion of Jesus for which it stands;

I believe in the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man;

And I will strive for the building of the Kingdom of God on earth.

The National Hymn:

"Our father's God, to thee, Author of liberty,

To thee we sing. Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great

God our King. Amen."

Statement regarding the Fathers and Sons of this Church.

(By the President of the Village Church Men.)

Offertory Anthem: "Jerusalem, O Turn Ye Unto the Lord."

Gounod. (By the Junior and Senior Choirs.)

The Service of Recognition

1. The Boy Rangers.

Presentation by the Leader.

The Ranger Pledge, The Ranger's Great Laws (*Recited by individual members*).

Pledge of the church and the fathers.

We, the fathers of these boys, and friends to all the youth of Wellesley, do now accept the solemn challenge made to us as we have heard their vows of loyalty, courage, truthfulness and willing service.

We promise to teach them in the church and in the home the ways of goodness and truth, and to know God as he is revealed in the manhood of Christ Jesus.

We promise that not only by the teaching of our lips, but that by the influence of our lives we will encourage them to be helpful in the home, diligent in school, honest in business, and faithful and loyal in the church.

And these vows we promise to the glory of God, the service of our community, and to the happiness of our sons. *Amen.*

2. The Boy Scouts.

Presentation by the Scout Master.

The Scout Oath, The Scout Laws (*Recited by individual members*).

Pledge of the Church and the Fathers. (*Repeated as under 1.*)

3. The Young Men's Dribow Club.

Statement by the President.

Response by the Pastor.

Pledge of the Church and the Fathers. (*Repeated as under 1.*)

Hymn of Consecration: "Just as I am, Thine Own to be, Barnby.

1. "Just as I am, thine own to be, Friend of the young who lovest me,

To consecrate myself to thee, O Jesus Christ, I come.

2. "In the glad morning of my day, My life to give, My vows to pay,

With no reserve, and no delay. With all my heart I come."

3. "I would live ever in the light, I would work ever for the right,

I would serve Thee with all my might; Therefore, O Thee I come."

4. "Just as I am, young, strong, and free, To be the best that I can be,

For truth, and righteousness, and thee, Lord of my life, I come. *Amen.*"

Address by the Regional Scout Executive.

Address by the Pastor.

Recessional Hymn: "The Son of God Goes Forth." Cutler. Benediction.

Organ Postlude: Finale from the First Symphony. Macquaire.



A Call From Our Cousins

PLANS are announced in Boston, New York and London for a pilgrimage to New England of several hundred members of the Congregational church in England, in June, 1928, for the purpose of visiting Plymouth Rock and other spots associated with the Pilgrim Fathers in America.

The 21,000-ton liner *Cedric*, of the White Star Line's New York-Boston-Liverpool service has been chartered for the party, which is expected to total 1,250 persons.

Sailing with the excursionists from Liverpool on June 2, the *Cedric* will land her passengers at Boston on Sunday, June 10.

The pilgrims will be formally received on their arrival at Boston by fellow Congregationalists of New England, who will extend to them the hospitality of their homes and churches. On the day following their arrival the English visitors will begin a week's program of intensive sightseeing, to be interspersed with banquets and meetings expressive

of international good will and denominational fellowship. They will first visit Plymouth Rock, where a special service will be held, after which they will view other local points identified with the history of the Pilgrims. A trip will also be made to the Pilgrim Memorial monument on the end of Cape Cod at Provincetown, where the Mayflower found her first haven after crossing the Atlantic.

Some, if not all, of the members of the party will also make a rail trip to Niagara Falls, Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

After special church services at Boston on Sunday, June 17, the pilgrims will embark for home on the ship sailing for Liverpool that afternoon. They are scheduled to be back in England on June 24 after an absence of twenty-three days.

If the Pilgrimage meets the expectations of its sponsors, arrangements will be made for a return visit by American Congregationalists in 1929 or 1930.



First Church, Phoenix, Arizona, is making marked progress and it is expected that the large number of winter visitors who come to the city yearly, many of them from Northern states, will add to the attendance and membership this year.

The great need is an adequate building which will attract and accommodate them. Phoenix is now a city of fifty thousand and gives promise of great growth in the immediate future. Now is the time for an advance along all lines.

Second-hand Pews Needed

"I am glad I came to Vernal. I am proud that I am a home missionary. We closed a successful summer school of religious education and the adults and children look forward to it each summer now though at first they were suspicious of it. We hope to have a better night school of religious education for adults this summer as our rooms are in the shape now. We need some second-hand pews as we could use the church building for our services if we had them." So writes Rev. Charles E. Gebold, of Vernal, Utah. Can any church assist him in this matter?

✻ ✻

Wanted—Vacation School Material!

The Department of Vacation and Week-day Schools of the International Council of Religious Education has frequent requests for assistance in starting such schools in missionary fields where workers are capable and interested, but are without funds with which to purchase even the most necessary books. Any churches or Church Vacation Schools which have books which they do not expect to use again and which they would like to put at the disposal of those who do need them are urged to use the Department as a clearing-house for the distribution of such material. Send any such books to the Department of Vacation and Week-day Schools, International Council of Religious Education, Room 1119, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and mark "For extension."

✻ ✻

New Hospital at Tougaloo

The contract has been let and the construction work has already advanced on a new hospital at Tougaloo College. The promise is made that it will be ready for occupancy beginning with or soon after the opening of the new college year, September 13. Friends of Tougaloo will remember that the old hospital was entirely destroyed by fire last December. This involved a great loss, yet the building was old, having been erected in 1889, and the arrangements for the care of the sick were not at all those of the present generation. With the completion of the new brick hospital, however, Tougaloo will be provided with a thoroughly up-to-date building for the care of its sick and for the isolation of its contagious diseases. When furnished and equipped this new hospital will add the more sure feature to the Greater Tougaloo that is to be. Other less conspicuous, but necessary, features are two new bungalows for married faculty members, which will be ready for occupancy at the opening of the college year.

A Church Thanksgiving Service

A very effective service for the Thanksgiving season has been arranged by Rev. Charles S. Mills, D.D., under three headings:

Thanksgiving for the Father's Care.

Thanksgiving for Our Country.

Thanksgiving for the Vision of the Kingdom of God.

FOR THE CHURCH the service includes anthem and choir suggestions.

FOR WOMEN'S MEETINGS these suggestions are omitted.

Auxiliary material, such as envelopes, boxes (in the shape of baskets) and cards of invitation have been prepared. All this material may be obtained at small cost at your nearest Commission on Missions' office.

Thanksgiving Services (By C. S. Mills)	1c each
Boxes (Baskets)	1c each
Envelopes	1/2c each
Invitations to Service ..	.70c per 100

In the Far West—Commission on Missions, Rev. William J. Minchin, D.D., 421 Phelan Building, 760 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

In the Northwest—Rev. L. O. Baird, D.D., Plymouth Church, 6th and University, Seattle, Wash.

In the Midwest—Commission on Missions, Miss Frances B. Patterson, 19 South La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

In New England—Commission on Missions, Harvey L. Meeken, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

In New York, New Jersey and the Southeast—Commission on Missions, Room 510, 287 Fourth Ave., New York City.

News in Brief

TOUGALOO College will send on request gray ("Spanish") moss for Christmas decoration. It is best used sparingly, draped against dark back-grounds, or hung in light festoons: 1 lb. for parlor, 3 lbs. for small church, 6 lbs. for large church. Address, preferably not later than December 10, Moss Distributors, Tougaloo College, Tougaloo, Mississippi.

One of the bells cast by Paul Revere now hangs in the church at Groveland, Massachusetts. This inscription is upon it: "The living to the church I call, and to the grave I summon all." The date is 1795, and every week from that hour to the present the sweet-toned old bell has rung. The Groveland church celebrated its two hundredth anniversary on July 3, Rev. Frank Crook, the pastor, preaching an historical sermon.

Miss Madeline Gile, who is working Mormon territory, serving the churches at Sandy, Bountiful, and Plymouth of Salt Lake City, says that she is not sure her Ford car is "a thing of beauty," but that she does know it is "a joy forever." For a long time she carried on her varied activities with-out a car, but it has increased her efficiency to such an extent she hopes she will never again be called upon to do without one. One of the amazing things about it is that while she is a poor driver, people are very willing to drive with her. A couple of months ago she drove two loads of "Lady Aid-ers" up the mountainside to a place difficult of access. Among them were a number who had been driving cars for a long time. Miss Gile said to one of her passengers: "How does it happen you are driving with me instead of bringing your own car?" "My husband was afraid something might happen to it," was the reply. Miss Gile was pleased to think she managed the trip without damage to the car or its occupants.

The Wayland Church, Massachusetts, which has been without a meeting house since 1922, when fire destroyed its former building, met on July 24 and laid the foundation stone of a building which they hope to occupy before the one hundredth anni-versary of the church which occurs in 1928.

The elimination of "over-churching" by reciprocal exchanges between denominations has ad-vanced further in South Dakota than in any other state, according to Rev. Frank L. Moore, D.D., who is secretary of the Congregational Church Extension Boards for missions west of the Mis-sissippi River.

Twenty Congregational churches have been in-volved in exchanges in South Dakota, he reports. Eighteen exchanges have been made in North Da-kota. The exchanges have been mostly with the Methodist Episcopal and Presbyterian denomina-tions. The exchanges are made in two commu-nities where two denominations each have a church, one denomination withdrawing from one com-munity and the other denomination from the other community.

Dr. Moore has spent thirty years in pastor- or mission work in western states. The duties of his present position require that he travel over fifty thousand miles a year. One-fourth of the night he spends in a railroad sleeper.

Dr. Moore has recently visited many South Da-kota churches, speaking on home missions. Rev. Rudolph Hertz, missionary to the Indians, Eagle Butte; Rev. George Williams, district superintendent, Rapid City, and Miss Frances K. Bement of Shaowu, China, will be other missionary speakers in South Dakota this month. These four are among sixty home and foreign workers who will give first-hand missionary information this fall to Congregational churches throughout the country.

The A. M. A. Treasury

WILLIAM T. BOULT, Treasurer

THE DANIEL HAND EDUCATIONAL FUND FOR COLORED PEOPLE

RECEIPTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1927

Income for September from Investments.....	\$12,311.33
Previously acknowledged.....	69,756.45
TOTAL	\$82,067.78

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"I give and bequeath the sum of dollars to The American Missionary Association, incorporated by act of the Legislature of the State of New York." The will should be attested by three witnesses.

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The Missionary Herald

14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts

The Book Shelf

THE ETHIC OF JESUS. By *Rev. James Stalker, D.D. George H. Doran Company, pp. 403. \$2.00.*

Affairs have moved so swiftly, so many and radical have been the changes of recent years that we are apt to think of ours as a new world, one utterly different from that of a quarter of a century ago. There is, however, danger of exaggerating the weight of these differences. Impressive though they seem, they cannot be of first importance because they are chiefly external to man, changes not of nature, but of condition and circumstance. A better acquaintance with natural laws and forces has made us better off. We possess more wealth, more conveniences, comforts and luxuries. We travel faster than our fathers and to greater distances; but are we better men than they or even in essential qualities, are we different?

Now, then and always one beholds in man the same sort of a being with the same mysterious twofold natures. He is both flesh and spirit. He is mortal and immortal. He stands in family, tribal and social groups and at the same moment stands as an individual alone by himself in the presence of God. Man has ever the same capacities for good and evil, dark sins and frantic follies, high virtues and sublime heroisms. He is attended in every age by fear and hope, by aspiration and despair, by insatiable desire and infinite need. It is this eternal human lying beneath the ebb and flow of changing conditions which Jesus addresses. His gospel is for that reason universal and eternal. It can never be outworn or outgrown, but always abides fresh, lively, vital, a changeless force in a changing world. The fact that we are driving our motor cars today instead of the horses of our fathers has no power at all to dim the luster of Christ's golden rule.

It is consequently true of those writings of men, poems, addresses, books, which are saturated with the spirit of the Master that they do not grow stale but have perennial vitality. Although eighteen years have elapsed since Dr. Stalker's devout and careful study of our Lord's ethical teachings first appeared, the book is still as fresh as if written

yesterday. To sit down to a chapter of it is a delightful spiritual experience. It is like joining the disciple group that listened to the Sermon on the Mount. We doubt if a better and more satisfactory treatment of its great theme can anywhere be found. We are, therefore, glad to welcome a new edition of this important work and rejoice that its author, a great and beloved teacher whose lips are now silent, is thus still speaking to the world.

THE HARVEST OF YEARS. By *Luther Burbank with Wilber Hall. Houghton Mifflin Company. pp. 296. \$4.00*

For upwards of seventy years Luther Burbank has been, to use his own phrase, "going to school to Nature," and has proved himself an exceedingly apt pupil, to the immense advantage of mankind. Not only has he produced important new varieties of flowers, fruits and vegetables by hundreds, but he has carried the art of plant-breeding up to the status of an exact science with promise of unlimited further development and vast consequent benefit to the entire human race.

His success was, of course, the result of that eager, tireless patience with which he pursued his countless experiments, but over and above this he possessed a certain magical gift, a sixth sense, that he could neither explain nor impart, which enabled him to detect at a glance amid a thousand worthless seedlings the single precious value. It was not without reason that men called him a wizard.

This book is prepared by Mr. Wilber Hall, an intimate friend who also contributes a charming biographical sketch, from the copious notes—more than a million words—which Burbank left behind him. The style is that of familiar, spontaneous talk and the chapters have all the charm of informality. They describe undertakings of fascinating interest; they are full of shrewd wisdom and quiet humor. They bring us into intimate relations with a unique and lovable person, a great human—one of the outstanding figures of our time. What a pity that from Nature's marvels and mysteries he got no sense of a divine personality behind her!

Christmas Cards:

Twenty imported religious cards for \$1.06, postpaid.

Write for circular of other cards

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY
15 East 40th Street, New York City

"W.E." By *Charles A. Lindbergh*
G. P. Putnam's Sons. p. 318. \$2.50.

In this volume, we have the famous flyer's own story of his life, training and experience as an aviator and that of his Transatlantic flight, together with his views on the future of aviation. The manuscript for this part of the book, as the publisher assures us, was every word of his own, painstakingly written in long hand. The style is simple, clear, direct, modest, wholly in keeping with the character of the man whom all the world has agreed to admire and love. It has that compelling fascination that goes with a dauntless and heroic spirit. But when it came to an account of his welcome after the flight in Paris, Brussels, London, Washington, New York and St. Louis, he found the task quite beyond his powers. So that part of the story was committed to the skillful hands of Mr. Fitzhugh Green, who has treated it admirably. Not the least valuable feature of the book is Ambassador Herrick's beautiful foreword. We are glad, also, to keep before us President Coolidge's address of welcome, one of the finest and most eloquent of all his speeches. We wish that every American, especially our young men and boys, might read this story through and through and that no swift rush of events might crowd out of mind and memory Charles A. Lindbergh and his achievement.

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